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THE KING OF SIAM AT THE MANSION HOUSE: HIS MAJESTY REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF HIS HEALTH.

"I beg you to accept my thanks to you, and my wish for the prosperity of the City of London. And now I drink to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The demolition of the Old Bell in Holborn has called forth many lamentations in consequence of its connection with literature. It is no longer the fashion for authors to immortalise with their pens the hotels which have received their patronage, perhaps from the idea that they should be supposed to be advertising it; but in Scott's time this apprehension does not seem to have existed. At all events, it is quite remarkable how, even in a fiction dealing with matters a century before its date, he will introduce a good-natured panegyric upon some inn of his own time. No one will accuse Sir Walter of having any other object than to do a good turn to an old friend, an act always especially agreeable to him; but what should we say if a novelist of our own day should imitate his example in the case, for instance, of the Saracen's Head at Newark? In "The Heart of Midlothian," Jeannie Deans is treated there with generosity. She asks for her "lawing," which the landlady is made to understand is her bill—

"Pay? Lord help thee! Why nought, woman. We hae drawn no liquor but a gill o' beer, and the Saracen's Head can spare a mouthful o' ment to a stranger like o' thee, that canot speak Christian language!"

After which, Sir Walter adds—

The travellers who have visited Newark more lately will not fail to remember the remarkably civil and gentlemanly manners of the person who now keeps the principal inn there, and may find some amusement in contrasting them with those of his more rough predecessor. But we believe it will be found that the polish has worn off none of the real worth of the metal.

Considering the time that had elapsed since Jeannie's visit, this reminds one of the epitaph upon the innkeeper whose successor (after the other became obedient to the heavenly will) "carried on the business still."

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," sang the poet, but a medical journal has been so good as to explain this mystery. They mean increased depth of respiration and improvement in the circulation. "Sobbing," a real good fit of crying, is, we are told, equally beneficial to the constitution. This is bad news for schoolboys. Pedagogues will now have more excuse than ever for the infliction of corporal punishment. Sentimental persons will have to regret the misplaced sympathy evoked by the spectacle of their fellow-creatures' tears. Instead of attempting to wipe them, they should have encouraged their flow. "Cry away, my dear fellow; let me give you a whack with my stick: tears will deepen your respiration and increase your circulation!" What an inversion there must be to the feelings that have been excited in us by the novelist! When the heroine has wept, we have wept too. That will be, so far, beneficial to us; but if we have only deplored her condition, our pity has been absolutely thrown away: she was only strengthening her constitution, and ought to have had our congratulations.

In that beautiful little poem, "The Lover of Music to his Pianoforte," we are told—

Joy comes to it and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear,
And Sorrow with her tightened breast
Comes for a tear.

But we must now understand that it was not Sorrow, but probably Indigestion that appealed to the instrument. Nor is it only the poems of the emotions that will have to be revised. There are some good stories that will need alteration, if not amendment.

Dr. Fiteairn tells us that, being in a church in Edinburgh, where the preacher was not only emphatic but shed tears copiously, he was moved to inquire of a countryman, who sat by him, what it was all about. "What the deevil makes the man greet?" one is sorry to say, was the form of his inquiry. "Faith," said the man, slowly turning round, "ye had maybe greet yersel', if ye was up there and had as little to say." It was probably not a want of words, but a deficient circulation for which Nature was offering the poor clergyman a remedy.

We were born, or at all events dwell, in a Vale, and must take the consequence of that situation: and that was how it was we got flooded in the thunderstorm of Wednesday week. My fellow-sufferers call it "flooded out," a more comprehensive term, but I forbear to use it lest my readers, always sympathetic, should picture me still careering on the face of the waters on a hen-coop. "Kindly Nature" was out of her strait waistcoat that evening, and pointed the town with streaks of lightning. The poets have always depicted thunderstorms on mountain tops or in pathless forests, where they can do no harm to anybody; but really to pile up the agony they should have described their effect upon a suburban district on a low level. "Ye cataracts and hurricanos, spout," is an observation I have always thought peculiarly applicable to this species of catastrophe; a touch not, indeed, of Nature, but of naturalness. It is not impossible that some ingenious commentator may deduce from the word "spout" (so unexpected from a general point of view, so appropriate to a suburban overflow) the theory that Shakespeare must have resided in Maida Vale, where the catastrophe of Wednesday may be said to have culminated. It was as the Persian poet nobly expresses it, "the grandmother of

all Buckets." Being an invalid, I lay on the second-floor, and was in no immediate danger from the inundation, of the very existence of which, indeed, there were well-meant attempts to keep me in ignorance. The arrival of our dog and cat in my bed-room betrayed, however, the nature of the visitation. Those faithful creatures never approach me save at such times when there is something to be got. I had read in accounts of floods how animals seek the highest ground, and at once grasped the reason of their visit; moreover (a somewhat subtle deduction, however), the cat's back was "arched," and there was a noise in my ears as in the bower described by Spenser "within the hearing of a hundred streams." I heard dreadful stories of things below—magnified, no doubt (as stories curiously are), by distance; the most disturbing to my mind being an account of how the house was saved by the opening of "manholes." I was quite unaware of the existence of these subterranean exits, and what strikes me now, as I lie awake o' nights, is that if people can get down them (as I suppose from their names they can), people can also get up them. What is the use of bolts and bars if in the very centre of the citadel there are manholes?

It is quite remarkable how millionaires, and especially Scotch ones, delight to make speeches in praise of poverty. No one believes what they say, and they don't believe it themselves; still, they cannot resist the temptation of explaining how much better it is to have to "thole" than to take life easy. This often escapes comment from Southern critics, because they do not know what "to thole" means, and are naturally cautious about treating it; but the other day a Scotch millionaire expressed himself with greater plainness. He congratulated the students in a village school upon being born under what are usually considered adverse circumstances. That they would be obliged to make their own living was, he said, a great mercy. "From hardness came the good and great, not from the palaces of the millionaire. Wealth was a clog upon the energies of man." One supposes these things are said by millionaires in the hope of averting obloquy. But how ridiculous is the expectation! What his audience admired in the speaker was not, we may be sure, his philosophy, but his wealth, and possibly (as they might have expressed it in their schoolboy language) his "cheek" in pretending it was not worth having. No doubt there was much of truth in what he said, but his mouth was not the one to utter it. It was as though a man with the usual number of eyes had addressed a congregation of one-eyed youths, and assured them that it was much better to be handicapped in that way for the race of life than to have two eyes to start with.

A gentleman who only gratifies the curiosity of the public by the initials "F. D." has printed a pamphlet upon the Religion and Philosophy of Life, in which he resuscitates with great earnestness the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls. It has always struck me as very strange that, considering the variety of creeds, this one is not more popular. It seems such a natural retribution as well as poetic justice that men, for example, who ill-treat animals should be themselves condemned to become animals and be ill-treated in their turn. But with very few exceptions—there was a dear good lady whose will was disputed the other day upon the frivolous and vexatious ground that she thought her cat had once been her grandmother—this belief has had of late no advocates except in Mahatma circles, which are not only limited, but (if one may be allowed to say so) rather "blown upon." But "F. D." is quite certain about his theory, though, unfortunately, he does not go into details. He had intended, he says, to explain how he came to the knowledge of his past life, "but on reflection it has occurred to him that the sceptical would simply regard it as an hallucination on his part." It did not need much reflection, one would think, to come to that conclusion, but he "prefers to convince by reason." It would have been much more satisfactory to have the details, but he assures us that he distinctly remembers the position he occupied during the life preceding this. One is afraid he must have behaved badly in it, for out of that experience he solemnly warns his fellow-creatures to take care what they are about. He bids the fortunate in life beware, whether they have inherited their good fortune or if it has accrued to them. Deceased persons who have held exalted positions have often to recommence life under very ordinary circumstances, and moreover, after death, are very likely to meet with those they have ill-treated. Artemus Ward used to say that if it were true that he and a certain Indian were to meet in the Happy Hunting Grounds, "there would be a fight"; and we gather from "F. D.'s" philosophy that such encounters are likely to come off. I have always had an idea that, however untroubled by conscience or lacking in imagination Mr. Arthur Orton may be, the idea of having to meet young Sir Roger hereafter must be disagreeable to him. The Baronet will certainly have the advantage of him as having been so long a denizen of the other world, and we all know how a new boy fares at school where there is an old one who has a grudge against him.

The unaccountable attraction or repulsion felt by people towards each other on very short acquaintance may, thinks "F. D.," "be due to their having met in a past life

under pleasant or unpleasant circumstances." This gives an explanation of the hitherto mysterious prejudice against a well-known medical practitioner—

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Now we do know: we have met him before in the Elysian Fields, where we were, perhaps, rivals in practice. "Ties of love and friendship," says "F. D.," "should not be too close, but a more general feeling of sympathy should be cultivated." One never knows whom one may meet in a Society which is probably mixed; and the odds being in favour of strangers, it is well to make friends with everybody. There is a curious mingling of spiritual and worldly feeling in "F. D.'s" philosophy which reminds one of Ecclesiastes, a piece, however, to which his own, though meritorious, is decidedly inferior.

It is rather curious how few English novelists have laid the scenes of their stories in Spain. The name of Charles Lever is probably the only one which will occur to most readers; but he has put very little local colouring into his work; his Spanish characters have only lost their Irish accent. It has been reserved for Mr. Merriman, who seems to have been everywhere, yet always at home, to introduce his readers to Spanish life. In the attraction of his *dramatis personae* we forget what their countrymen have done in the past, and what they are doing now in Cuba and the Philippine Islands. "In the Tents of Kedar" he paints them at their best, though he does not forget their habit of "knifing" their fellow-creatures on small provocation, and some other little weaknesses. How delightful is his portrait of Concepcion the Smuggler, smirched but not stained with half-a-dozen manslaughter, and full of good spirits and politeness! When he is about to leave an inn, the landlady of which is by no means in her first youth, he apologises for his departure. "'Tis better," he says, with a meaning and gallant bow. "'Tis for my peace of mind. I am but a man!" But he haggles over the price of his supper. This gentleman is always in trouble, but always self-possessed. In the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, his daughter, and a priest, all more or less conscious of his delinquencies, he betrays neither surprise nor alarm. "By good fortune he happens to be wearing a coat"; there is a flower in the ribbon of his hat, carried jauntily in his hand, and touches of bright colour about his person which help to make him so irresistible to the fair.

"Excellency," he murmured, bowing on the threshold; "Reverendo," with one step forward and a respectful semi-religious inclination of the head towards Concha; "Señorita." The ceremony here concluded with a profound obeisance to Estella, full of gallantry and grave admiration. Then he stood upright, and indicated by a pleasant smile that no one need feel embarrassed; that, in fact, this meeting was most opportune.

Conyngham, the hero of the story—a dashing, chivalric fellow, by whom the reader, like everybody he meets with, must needs be captivated—is a near relation of one of Lever's heroes, but with more seriousness. The plot in which he is (unconsciously) concerned is most exciting, and gives the occasion of some stirring scenes, of which the escape of the Queen of Spain from her would-be assassins is perhaps the most dramatic. But Concepcion is a conception of the author's own. With two trustworthy soldiers he is about to waylay a carriage guarded by six men who have kidnapped Conyngham. His companions, lying in ambush, are at cards. ("The Spaniard," our author tells us, "will be found playing cards amid the wreck of the world.")

The two soldiers nodded. One was counting his gains, which amounted to almost threepence. The loser wore a brave air of indifference, as behoved a reckless soldier taking loss or gain in a Spartan spirit.

"There will be six men," said Concepcion, "two on horseback, two on the box, two inside the carriage with their prisoner—my friend."

"Ah!" said the younger soldier thoughtfully.

Concepcion looked at him. "What have you in your mind?" he asked.

"I was wondering how three men could best kill six."

"Out of six," said the older man, "there is always one who runs away. I have found it so in my experience."

"And of five there is always one who cannot use his knife," added Concepcion.

Still the younger soldier, who had medals all across his chest, shook his head.

"I am afraid," he said. "I am always afraid before I fight."

Concepcion looked at the man whom General Vincente had selected from a brigade of tried soldiers, and gave a little upward jerk of the head.

"With me," he said, "it is afterwards—when all is over. Then my hand shakes, and the wet trickles down my face." He laughed, and spread out his hands. "And yet," he said gaily, "it is the best game of all—is it not so?"

The troopers shrugged their shoulders. One may have too much of even the best game.

Was there ever a more characteristic conversation? The temptation to extract has to be resisted, for there are others equally good. The reflections scattered through the volume are full of that genial sarcasm and knowledge of the world which pleased the readers of "With Edged Tools" and "The Sowers." It is a book which no one will lay down who has begun it; one's only quarrel with the author is that he allows a secondary (and, indeed, very third rate) character in the story to marry a girl worth a thousand of him.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING OF SIAM IN THE CITY.

No foreign potentate may count his visit to these shores complete until he has been entertained by "the City." On the evening of Thursday, Sept. 30, his Majesty Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, was the recipient of civic honours at the hands of the Lord Mayor and Corporation. The occasion was one of full state, and the Guildhall ceremony, though brief, was of the most brilliant description. The Lord Mayor, more dazzling in his flowing robe of State than even the Oriental monarch, who was rather quietly attired in the uniform of his bodyguard, presented the King with an address of welcome enclosed in a golden box. His Majesty acknowledged the gift in English, speaking fluently and with a grace that in some measure suggested the Orient. The presentation ended, the party drove to the Mansion House, where the King was entertained at dinner, the Lord Mayor, in proposing his Majesty's health, referring to the King as a great, wise, and enlightened Sovereign. His Majesty returned thanks most cordially, expressing his good wishes for the prosperity of the City of London, and in conclusion proposing the health of the Lord Mayor. On the following day the King visited Southampton. The same morning the Siamese Minister waited upon the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and presented his Lordship with the insignia of Commander of the Royal Order of the White Elephant, and with his Majesty's portrait. On Saturday morning London bade farewell to "this interesting Eastern potentate," when the King left Victoria for Brussels, whither he proceeded by way of Calais.

INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

It is now, considered that the defeat and flight of Hadda Mullah, the destruction of many of the fortified villages and towers of the hostile Mohmands, and the submission of the most warlike tribes, paying money fines and giving up their rifles and other weapons, have virtually finished the military task which General Sir Bindon Blood and General Elles had to perform west of the Panjkora river and in Bajaur, in the region to the north of Peshawar. The divisions of troops respectively under the immediate command of those general officers have made long and arduous marches, converging from different points, to effect their junction in Bajaur, while the fighting part has chiefly fallen to the lot of Brigadier-General Jeffreys, entering with his troops into several valleys which were strongly occupied and obstinately defended by large bands of well-armed tribesmen, and where conflicts took place so lately as Sunday last and on two preceding days, in which British officers as well as Indian native soldiers were killed. The greater portion of the forces hitherto so employed will now return to Peshawar.

General Sir William Lockhart, Commander-in-Chief in India, will set forth next week, probably on Oct. 15, from Kohat, south-west of Peshawar, to march against the Afridis and Orakzais in Tirah, with an army of 11,000 British and 24,000 native soldiers, forming two Divisions, commanded by Major-General W. P. Symons and Major-General Yeatman Biggs; Major-General Symons commanding a Division, and Major-General Palmer guarding the communications, while Major-General Sir Bindon Blood remains in the Mohmand country. There will be a movable column, under command of Colonel W. Hill, in the Kurram; and strong reserves at Peshawar to support Sir W. Lockhart's advance on the route to Tirah and in the Khanki valley. It is, however, thought likely that the tribes now assembled in the Khanki valley will submit.

IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

After long seclusion, the Lady Chapel of Gloucester Cathedral has been reopened for public worship on the completion of the work of restoration. It is some four centuries younger than are other parts of the Cathedral, but it dates from the fifteenth century for all that. It replaced a thirteenth-century chapel built by Ralph de Wylington, who endowed two priests in perpetuity to say Mass in it. They were to dwell in the monastery, and the document containing the contract between them and the founder is still in evidence. Ten thousand pounds has been spent on the restoration, which has occupied a quarter of a century, into so ruinous condition had this splendid specimen of the Perpendicular style being allowed to fall. According to the Dean of Gloucester, it will now stand for centuries, though it is still shorn of some of its ancient beauties, such as the stained-glass of the four central windows.

Other parts of the Cathedral were restored some years ago under Sir Gilbert Scott, who did a great deal to clear the Cathedral proper of the accretions which centuries had gathered about it. In 1022 the Benedictines were on the site, which had in earlier years been occupied by a nunnery. To them the Cathedral is due, for they were a

zealous and flourishing community, whose yearly income at the Dissolution stood at £1550. The general plan they chose for the Cathedral was that of a simple cross. The cloisters are particularly fine, and very similar is the monks' lavatory, with its noble groining. The reredos is modern, having been erected in 1873 from Sir Gilbert Scott's designs; but the sedilia are nearly as ancient as any in the country. In the choir is a whispering gallery; seventy-five feet long and three feet wide, the acoustic properties of which are the wonder of visitors.

KAISERS IN COMPANY.

The visit of the Emperor William to his "dear cousin," as the regal courtesy goes, the Emperor Francis Joseph, was a brilliant success, despite the distracting little incident of the review at the Totis manoeuvres. On the conclusion of the military operations the Emperors left for Melacs, where they enjoyed shooting over the estate of the Archduke Frederick. Before his departure, the Emperor William decorated many Austrian Generals and senior officers. These civilities were reciprocated by the Emperor Francis Joseph, who conferred the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Stephen upon Count Eulenberg, German Ambassador in Vienna. This honour has been regarded as another

of the world by the severity of its climate, and by the difficulty of traversing its steep and rugged approaches, while navigation on the seacoast of Alaska is also interrupted for several months. The only towns in Alaska—Circle City and Dawson City—are but small communities with a population of five thousand; and if they were accessible as places of refuge, would not be able to feed many more people than their ordinary inhabitants. The country produces no articles of food, and it is believed that no stores have been laid up for the wants of a large number of newly arrived strangers; while conveyance from one place to another must become extremely difficult. It is to be feared that we shall hear of sad loss of life and woeful sufferings within the next six months.

THE ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN.

The occupation of Nubia and of the banks of the Nile to a considerable distance above Abu Hamed and Berber by the Anglo-Egyptian army, together with the clearing of the Eastern Soudan, between Berber and Suakim, on the Red Sea coast, appears now to be practically completed. Osman Digna, the Dervish leader in the Eastern Soudan for many years past, has retreated across the Atbara, southward, and is expected to join his remaining force with the Khalifa's

main army, which is still assembled at Omdurman, adjacent to Khartoum. It is, however, not impossible that he may strengthen the defence of Metammeh, where Mahmud, the Khalifa's cousin, seems to be preparing a strenuous resistance to the Egyptian advance. The decisive battle will not be fought, in all probability, for several months to come, but whenever it does take place the army to be encountered will number at least thirty thousand, or more than double that of the Khedive of Egypt under command of British officers.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE LIARS," AT THE CRITERION.

The event of the theatrical season, so far, is Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedy, "The Liars," which Mr. Wyndham was to produce at the Criterion Theatre last Wednesday—too late for notice in our current issue. The excellent quality of Mr. Jones's later work has raised him to the position of being eagerly sought after by first-nighters. Mr. Wyndham has been specially fortunate with Mr. Jones, for has he not given us "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Physician"?

A TRIPLE BILL AT THE AVENUE.

The Avenue Theatre reopened on Oct. 2 with a triple bill under the management of Mr. Fitzroy Gardner, till lately business manager to Mr. Tree. "The Baron's Wager," by the late Sir Charles Young, is a rather dull duologue played by Mr. Sydney Warden and Miss Edith Ostlere. "My Lady's Orchard," by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, is an ambitious one-act play which recalls "The Ballad-Monger." It tells the story of a troubadour, Bertrand of Auvergne (Miss Esmé Beringer), who fell in love with the young French wife (Miss Vera Beringer) of John of Courtenay (Mr. Charles Brookfield), a Saxon noble of the twelfth century, who is living in the Castle of Romani. The theme is a sort of modern marriage problem, wrapped up in twelfth-century language and dress, and ending in the death of the poet, who is killed by the elderly husband of the lady. Miss Esmé Beringer acts with power as the troubadour, and chants a love-song very impressively. Her sister is vivacious, but a trifle too modern to be a twelfth-century damsel. The bill ends with a "submarine" musical fantasy called "The Mermaids," written by several hands, in which the passengers of a sunken yacht meet a troupe of mermaids and mermen in mid-Channel. It lacks the true spirit of fantasy to be really humorous, though there are amusing turns in it, especially when Miss Lotie Venne puts in her appearance. Mr. C. M. Hallard makes his bow as a tenor, Mr. Frank Wyatt is a merman, and Miss Topsy Sinden dances delightfully. The music, by Mr. Claude Nugent, is catchy at times.

"OH! SUSANNAH!" AT THE ROYALTY.

The names of Mark Ambient (in big type), A. Atwood and R. Vaun (in smaller), are billed as the authors of the farce which was produced at the Royalty on Tuesday evening; but for the enthusiastic reception which it got Miss Louie Freear is alone responsible. She figures as a lodging-house slavey in love with a struggling doctor in the house, who is really married, and has no sort of thought of her at all. Her passion is in fact simply grotesquely impossible to start with, and Miss Freear invests it with all the oddities which made her so conspicuous in "The Gay Parisienne," when she piped "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note." The house roared with laughter at her sallies, always carried off with no effort, and she was the heroine of the evening. The authors' contribution to the farce is indescribable. Mr. Charles Glenney, Mr. Maltby, and Miss Clara Jacks are the only well-known people in the cast; but even they are blotted out by Aurora, the maid-of-all-work.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND HIS IMPERIAL HOST AT KŐRSÖSERDO, HUNGARY.

proof of the consolidation of the Austro-Hungarian Alliance. Before quitting Hungarian soil, the German Emperor paid a visit to Budapest, where he was enthusiastically received. Our illustration shows the two Emperors together at Kőrsöserdo, and reminds one of the more free-and-easy side of royal state. During this visit, indeed, Kaiser Wilhelm unbent in a wonderful manner. After a state banquet, when the two Sovereigns retired with some privileged guests to enjoy a cigar, his Majesty is reported to have proceeded from his helmet, not Minerva, but two packs of cards, with which he conjured as cleverly as a professional. More authentic is the account of the Austrian Emperor's industry. Four o'clock in the morning often finds Francis Joseph at his desk, grappling with a tremendous correspondence. His Majesty, who is never in bed after six, is so devoted to duty that on a hunting morning he is up even earlier than usual, to ensure that pleasure shall not interfere with business.

THE KLONDIKE GOLD REGION.

Deplorable accounts of the destitute and miserable condition of hundreds of gold-mining adventurers, stopped by the early winter snows on the mountain passes from the north of British Columbia to the Yukon and Klondike region of auriferous rock, not very far from the Arctic Circle, have already begun to appear in the American newspapers. From October till June, it is said, that region is almost completely separated from the rest



CUB-HUNTING IN THE SHIRES.



NEW METHOD OF CROSSING RIVERS BY INFANTRY, TESTED AT THE RECENT MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN GERMANY.

From a Sketch by Mr. Hosang, Berlin.

A new method of crossing rivers by infantry, in the absence of bridges or boats, has been tried in the manœuvres which have just taken place in Germany. Sacks stuffed with straw, in the middle of which are placed the ammunition, knapsack, etc., are extemporised from the portions of waterproof tent-covering carried by each soldier, and with sixteen of such sacks a substantial raft is quickly constructed. If the numbers are small, then each soldier is able to cross independently on his own sack.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John Morley never lacks courage to own to an indiscretion. He has, at Arbroath, taken occasion to acknowledge that it was in a "rash moment" that he once declared government by Masters of Arts not to be the most desirable form of government. Shortly after that deliverance Mr. Morley was reminded that arts graduates were very strong in the House of Commons, and that in the late Cabinet, of which he was a member, out of eleven House of Commons representatives nine bore the degree of M.A. This reminder may or may not have persuaded Mr. Morley that government by Masters of Arts was indeed the most desirable form of government. He does not say whether it did; merely stigmatising his statement as rash—circumstances considered. He finds, however, that the present Cabinet is less well off in M.A.s than the Liberal Cabinet, and as that can scarcely be, to him, the more desirable form of government, perhaps he would have us infer conversion from his playful palinodia.

The late Mr. Robert Bloomfield Fenwick entered the service of the Bank of England in 1854, and was sub-agent of the Western Branch, Burlington Gardens, in 1874, when he resigned his appointment to become general manager of the Pelton Colliery, in Durham, a position he occupied for twenty-one years. He was an Alderman of the Surrey County Council, and specially interested himself in technical education, giving the site and contributing largely towards the cost of the Girls' Technical School at South Wimbledon. He was a director of



Photo Elliott and Fry, Bazaar Street.
THE LATE MR. R. B. FENWICK.

the East London Waterworks Company and an active governor of the London Orphan Asylum, and in each and every phase of his busy life he was conspicuous for his thoughtfulness and his high ideal of duty.

In the list of new magistrates appointed for Lincolnshire by the Lord Chancellor appears the name of Mr. Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt, of Bayons Manor. This gentleman is a cousin of the late Poet Laureate, and the place of his residence was always referred to by the poet as "the Tennyson property." It was only in the present century that the name d'Eyncourt was added by this branch of the family to that of Tennyson; but the addition would be made less willingly to-day than it was a couple of generations ago. Even Charles Tennyson, the Laureate's brother, was hardly aware of the sacrifice he made when he obscured his patronymic by the addition of the name of Turner. The appointment to the magistracy of the present head of the Tennyson d'Eyncourts will serve to remind Londoners of a Metropolitan Police Magistrate of that name who was the late Laureate's cousin.

Mr. S. Moss, M.P., whose return to Parliament for East Denbighshire, in the room of Sir George Osborne Morgan, by an immensely increased majority, marks the high tide of Welsh Liberalism, was born in 1858, was educated at Oxford, went into an equity barrister's chambers in Lutton for a couple of years, and then accepted a classical mastership in the South of France. Later, he settled at Chester as a member of the local Bar, and was appointed in 1887 Assistant Boundary Commissioner under Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice. As a



Photo Wainwright Webster, Chester.
MR. S. MOSS, M.P.

Chester Town Councillor and as a member and a former Chairman of the Denbighshire County Council, he has a career of active usefulness in his locality; and he now enters Parliament with the prestige of having defeated his opponent, the Hon. George Kenyon, by a majority of nearly two to one votes.

The appearance of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Covent Garden gives London playgoers the rare chance of hearing the great composers rendered in English. Covent Garden, devoted as it is to opera, and equipped with everything that the operatic singer wants, is the fitting home for the Carl Rosa troupe, who were put at a disadvantage when they appeared at some other playhouses in former years. They began their campaign on Saturday with Puccini's new work, "La Bohème," which has been a great success in Italy. The performance of "Tannhäuser" on Monday was so excellent that the ability of the company to deal with "Lohengrin" to-night (Saturday) seems certain. The rest of the week has been devoted to such old favourites as "Carmen" and "Romeo and Juliet." On Monday the ever-popular "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" will be given, while on Tuesday we are promised the new Scottish opera which Mr. Hamish MacCunn has written in conjunction with the Marquis of Lorne.

General Neal Dow, born at Portland, in the American State of Maine, on March 20, 1804, has just quitted this

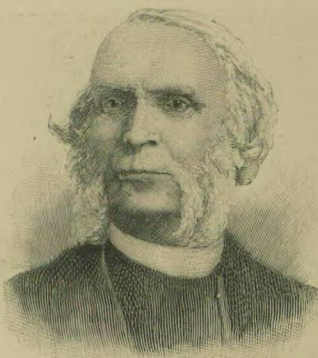
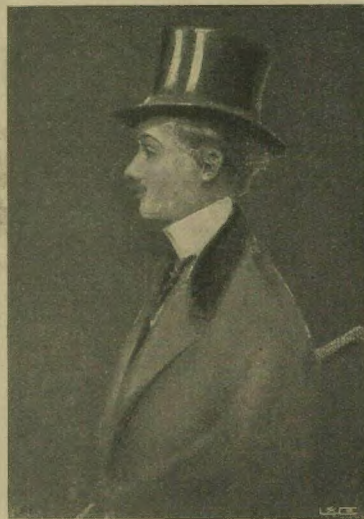


Photo Sunderland, Huddersfield.
THE LATE GENERAL NEAL DOW.

world, leaving it certainly "better than he found it." This valiant combatant in diverse fields of honour was bred a Quaker, took up the crusade against a alcoholic drink at twenty years of age, and as an active City and State politician, in 1838, began his attack on the "saloons" or tippling bars,

against which, in 1851, the famous "Maine Liquor Law" was enacted, totally forbidding the sale of intoxicating beverages. In the American Civil War, ten years later, he raised a strong infantry regiment and provided a battery of field-artillery to fight Secession. He took a military commission, was twice wounded, and made prisoner of war.

Mr. Henry Savage Landor, a grandson of Walter Savage Landor, has been on a pilgrimage to the sacred city of Lhasa, in Tibet. One of its charms, needless to say, is its inaccessibility to the European; and the Grand Lama's treatment of Mr. Landor will not particularly encourage, though it certainly will not quench, new attempts at entrance into forbidden ground. Mr. Landor was born in



MR. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.
From a portrait by Mr. Francis Hamard.

Florence and began his career as a civil engineer, only to change it for that of an artist, studying his craft under Thaddeus and at the Atelier Julian in Paris. Commissioned by the *Daily Mail*, he set off in March last to don the garb of a Chinese pilgrim, and to tread that "ground of God" in Tibet which has played a part in the spiritual world of Laurence Oliphant and of many an English Theosophist. After entering Tibet, the pilgrim in disguise lost all his baggage, and was taken prisoner by the Tibetans, who chained him up for eight days, racked him, and would have beheaded him but for the final interposition of the Grand Lama. Mr. Landor has now arrived at the Indian Frontier.

Señor Don Praxedes Mateo Sagasta, the recently elected Prime Minister in Spain, was born in the province of Old Castille in 1827. After a period of study at the School of Engineers, Madrid, he practised in this profession at Zamora, the town which sent him into Parliament in the early fifties. Two years after his entry upon political life, the young Sagasta took a prominent part in a Republican insurrection, and was obliged to fly into France, where he remained until a general amnesty allowed him to return. Once



Photo D. F. Delar, Madrid.
SEÑOR SAGASTA, THE NEW SPANISH PREMIER.

more in his native land, he entered the ranks of journalism, and eventually became editor in chief of the *Iberia*, the organ of the Progressive party in Spain. Sagasta accepted office under Prim as Minister of Home Affairs. In the Republican régime of 1874, he was in office as Foreign and Home Secretary and as Premier. The "coup" which restored the Bourbons to the throne sent Sagasta into a brief retirement. Upon the death of the late King in 1885, and the retirement of the entire Conservative Government, Sagasta found himself at the head of affairs, and successfully combated the clamours of the Republicans, who shrieked for universal suffrage till the birth of the little King, when Sagasta, confident in the strength of the Liberals, dissolved the Cortes, and won by a small majority. It was in this period that he invested his party with that democratic character which is now more marked than ever. In 1891 Sagasta was asked to form a party, but was obliged to resign within a month or so.

Brigadier-General William Hope Meiklejohn, C.B., C.M.G., whose name is once more to the fore, this time in connection with the Indian Frontier troubles, was born in the year 1843, and entered the Bengal Infantry as Ensign at the end of 1861. Ten years later he attained to his Captaincy, and then, in another decade, he took rank as Major, becoming Colonel in 1893. He was engaged in the Hazara campaign in 1868, where he won a medal with clasp; in the Jowaki Expedition in 1877-78, when he was mentioned in despatches, as he was also later in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, when he fought at Tel-el-Kebir, and in the Waziristan Expedition in 1895, the date of his Companionship of the Bath. During the whole of the year 1895 he did staff service with the Afghan Boundary Commission, attaining a technical knowledge of locality that turns to good purpose in his new employment as Brigadier-General.



Photo Mayall, Piccadilly.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL MEIKLEJOHN.

The personal paragraph writer ought to be infallible, but now and then he errs through too rashly putting two and two together. In speaking last week of the late Sister Mary Ellen Ellis, a writer in this column mentioned her as the last but one of the nuns who devoted themselves to nursing work in the Crimea. A correspondent writes to say that of the four nuns decorated by her Majesty, only Sister Mary Ellis is dead. The others are Mother Stanislaus Jones, Sister M. Anastasia, and Sister M. de Chantal, the two former still in active work at the hospital, Great Ormond Street. The writer of the paragraph was thinking of the Irish Sisters alluded to by Dr. Fahey in his preface to a recent book. Of these devoted ladies only one survives.

All who have attentively followed the course of the present trouble on the Indian Frontier will be glad to learn that Lieutenant L. A. North, of the Scots Fusiliers, who was severely wounded in the skirmish with the Orakzais in the Ublan Pass, near Fort Kohat, is now considered out of danger. Lieutenant North was shot through the body, and the bullet passed inside the ribs, but, fortunately, without inflicting any vital wound. Lieutenant North, who is the second son of Mr. N. North, of Newton Hall, Kirkby Lonsdale, is now senior subaltern of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.
LIEUTENANT L. A. NORTH.

There is to be a School of Carving for young artisans at Killarney, a place beloved by English tourists, including the Queen, and the suggesting scene of one of the most famous lyrics of Tennyson. Lady Castlerosse has opened the school; and to further its funds, her father-in-law, the Earl of Kenmare, has had a performance of amateur theatricals at Killarney House, the pieces selected for representation being "Poor Pillicoddy," "Hal the Highwayman," and "Creatures of Impulse." Mr. Gilbert's extravaganza, Lord Kenmare, as Lord Chamberlain, was once the head of the licensing of plays for the stage; and during his experiences of the last few days he must have had some stirring reminiscences of "battles long ago," when he was strongly attacked for the granting of certain licenses from his office by his examiner, and also for the refusal in the case of other plays.

A personality once well known in the musical and theatrical world has passed with the death of Mrs. Elliot Gala. As Miss Fanny Reeves, Mrs. Gala was associated with most of the leading players of her day, from Phelps to J. L. Toole, but she lived latterly in complete retirement. Her début was made nearly half a century ago.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, has been visited by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, from Abergeldie, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Albany and Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont, Prince Christian and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The Queen is accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Duke and Duchess of York, on Friday, Oct. 1, and their children, returned to London, and have gone to Sandringham. The Earl of Rosebery and Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld dined with the Queen on Saturday; Lord and Lady Amphil and Sir Charles Cust on the day before, Viscount Cross, the Minister in attendance on her Majesty, has left Balmoral, and has been succeeded by Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

The Prince of Wales last week visited Newmarket, and stayed two days with Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jameson, at Stowmarket, with a shooting-party. His Royal Highness returned to London on Sunday evening, and went next day to Clarendon Park, Wiltshire, as the guest of Mr. Hartmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left the Scottish Highlands on Saturday, returning home to Hawarden.

The election of the Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year took place at Guildhall on Sept. 29. Alderman Horatio Davies, M.P. for Chatham, a retired Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery, was chosen by the Court of Livery to succeed Sir George Faudel-Phillips. The two Sheriffs, Alderman Frank Green and Mr. T. R. Dewar, were elected on the preceding day.

The Chairman of the London School Board, the Marquis of Londonderry, on Sept. 30 made the annual statement of its operations, and extended his review of the progress of elementary education to a retrospect of the past sixty years, comprising the whole reign of the Queen, from the earliest grants by the Privy Council in aid of then existing schools.

The Church Congress at Nottingham closed its proceedings on Friday. The Congress of next year is to be held at Bradford.

Mr. John Morley, M.P., has made several speeches to his constituents at different towns in the Montrose Burghs district, and Mr. Asquith, M.P., has addressed meetings of the electors of East Fife, also; at Kilmaronock, on behalf of the Liberal party. On the other side, Sir Edward Clarke spoke to the Plymouth Conservatives on Monday.

The International Chess Tournament at Berlin closed on Monday. The first prize, 2000 marks, was won by Herr Charousek, who scored 14½ points; the second prize by C. A. Walbrodt; the third by Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the fourth by Janowski, and the fifth by Mr. A. Burn.

The attempted mediation in the dispute between the working engineers or machine manufacturers and their employers has failed. On Tuesday at Leeds, the emergency committee of the Employers' Federation resolved that the conditions of their trade do not admit of any reduction of the hours of working, and that they are determined to secure for the employers absolute freedom in the management of their works; under which circumstances no intervention of any third parties can be entertained. The Congress of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, held at Plymouth, has voted £1000, with a weekly grant of £300, in aid of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, to continue the struggle.

The London County Council resumed its weekly meetings on Tuesday, and resolved, on the report of the Finance Committee, that the rates for the year should be reduced one farthing in the pound.

A meeting, presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was held in the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday evening to demand the universal closing of public-houses on Sundays.

The revenue returns show a net increase of £688,566 in the past quarter, and an increase of £2,093,345 in this half of the financial year, chiefly from customs, excise, and estate duties.

At several of the Medical Schools connected with the London hospitals, addresses were delivered last week by

the professors of medicine, anatomy, and surgery, on the opening of their session.

The Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia, with the Empress, arrived on Saturday at Darmstadt, on a visit to the Empress's family, and were received by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse. The Empress Dowager has returned from Copenhagen, and has gone to the Caucasian provinces.

In Spain there is a change of Ministry, General Azcarraga having resigned, and Señor Sagasta has undertaken to form a Liberal Government, with a policy of granting home rule to Cuba and to the Philippines, appealing to the goodwill of the United States of America and of other foreign Powers for moral support. General Correa is appointed Minister of War, and Señor Moret, Colonial Minister.

Greece, amidst national difficulties and dangers even more pressing than those besetting Spain, has likewise been undergoing a Ministerial crisis. M. Ralli's Government, on presenting to the Chamber, on Sept. 30, the terms of peace with Turkey settled by the European Powers, was refused the needful vote of confidence by 93 votes against 30, while 43 members refrained from voting. The Premier at once resigned, and his chief political rival, M. Deliyannis, attempted to form a Government, but encountered bitter reproaches as the author of the late disastrous war, and King George refused to accept him as Minister. On Sunday, however, M. Zaimis took the oaths of office as President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, with

Mr. Robert Vigers. Mr. Cherry, Q.C., Secretary. Mr. George Gordon.



MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON IRISH LAND ACTS AT PRESENT SITTING AT THE FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.

General Smolensky as Minister of War, and M. Streit, a Director of the National Bank, who is of German extraction, as Minister of Finance. They will endeavour to provide the means of paying the stipulated war indemnity to Turkey, in order that Thessaly may be set free as soon as possible from Turkish military occupation. M. Streit has announced to the diplomatic corps at Athens that he is prepared to accept the settlement with the creditors of Greece by the raising of a new loan.

The British East African force of Soudanese troops in Uganda, under command of Major Ternan, Acting Commissioner, having pursued the fugitive traitor King Mwanga to the province of Budu, has fought and defeated his army, but Mwanga again escaped. The first hundred miles of the Uganda railway have been constructed. There was a rumour, through Italian channels, that an English hunting-party in Denadir, Somaliland, had been massacred by a tribe of Ambaras; but news has been received of the safety of Mr. Cavendish and Lieutenant Andrew, who have explored Lake Rudolph.

The murderer, at Poona on June 22, of Mr. Rand, the Bombay Public Health Commissioner, and Lieutenant Ayerst, has been arrested, and has confessed his crime, in which he says he had but one accomplice. He is a Brahmin barrister, named Damodar Chapekar, a native of the Deccan.

The Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, Sir Alfred Milner, is about to start on a visit to Matabelland and Mashonaland, accompanied by Sir James Sivewright, Commissioner of Public Works, and will open the railway to Bulawayo.

A new system of civil and military administration of the French territories of the Congo, including Ubanghi, has been instituted by the President of the French Republic, and M. de Lamoignon, appointed Commissioner-General, goes

out to Africa this month. M. Lozé, who was French Ambassador at Vienna, was appointed Governor-General of Algeria, but is said to have declined.

Mr. Escombe, the Premier of Natal, has resigned office in consequence of the recent elections having unseated three of his Ministerial colleagues. The Governor requested Mr. Bale to form a Ministry, but it appears that Mr. Binns is to be Prime Minister, with Mr. Bale for Attorney-General.

Official returns show that the recent cyclone storm, which destroyed houses in many villages on the coast of Southern Italy, caused the death of sixty-five persons and seriously injured about three times that number. Ponderous beams of timber and trunks of trees were carried by the wind a long distance through the air and fell into the sea.

The King of the Belgians has returned, through Spain, from a tour in Morocco, which is said to have been connected with his design of procuring a superior breed of asses and rearing mules for service in the Congo Free State.

A favourable account of Christian missions in Uganda, East Central Africa, was given by Bishop Tucker in a sermon he recently preached near Surbiton. There are now, he said, more than four hundred churches or chapels in that country, with accommodation for fifty thousand worshippers; forty European missionaries, including eight ladies; eight hundred native religious teachers; and the Bible, Prayer-book, Hymn-book, and other religious books are translated into the native language, which seventy thousand people can read.

A ROYAL COMMISSION IN IRELAND.

Irish Land Acts are always in debate; and the Royal Commission appointed by the Conservative Government, and now sitting at the Four Courts, Dublin, has many a knotty point to unravel. It consists of men, however, who are accustomed to sift evidence, to follow subtle points of law, and to marshal facts in battle array. It has for its chairman a trained lawyer in Sir Edward Fry, who retired from the Bench as a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1893, and who, if he spent his holidays in writing about "British Mosses," gave his serious labour to "A Treatise on the Specific Performance of Contracts." He belongs to the Society of Friends, and is a near relation of Elizabeth Fry, the prison reformer; and he is also an Honorary Fellow

of Balliol College, Oxford. With him sit men of high professional repute, such as Mr. Cherry, Q.C., Mr. George Fottrell, Mr. George Gordon, Mr. Robert Vigers, and Dr. Anthony Traill. Dr. Traill is a doctor of medicine, a doctor of laws, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, a golfer, and, what is more to the point perhaps, he has great experience as the chairman of the electric railway—the first of any to be worked—running between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway, where his own home is situated.

In dealing with two rival countries united under one Sovereign a writer must be very careful of his phraseology. The Scottish agitation for the use of the word British (as opposed to English) we know. Now from "Norway over the faem" comes a protest specially addressed to *The Illustrated London News*, in that we spoke in a recent number of the "Swedish Jubilee." Far be it from *The Illustrated London News* to forget or slight the kingdom of Norway, and even at the expense of a cumbersome phrase, we would that Norway had had all her rights. As it is, the collective phrase "Scandinavian" was certainly used in the heading to the article of October 2. But from that the hardy Norseman seems to find it impossible to extract his due, although no doubt he could have done so had we omitted that blessed word "Swedish." In future, when dealing with Norway and Sweden, *The Illustrated London News* must look out a safe range of generic names which will express all that Norwegian or Swede can desire, and at the same time be not cumbersome. The combination, however, threatens to be as difficult as—shall we say?—that of the two northern kingdoms. But at a Jubilee time every sort of harmony is not only fitting but possible; and this consideration, no doubt, moved Norway to remind us that we, too, must avoid anything likely to promote discord.



Edward Falkner
(Mr. T. B. Thalberg).

Lady Jessica Nepean
(Miss Mary Moore).

Sir Christopher Deering
(Mr. Charles Wyndham).

MR. H. A. JONES'S NEW PLAY, "THE LIARS," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

SIR CHRISTOPHER DEERING'S ROOMS IN VICTORIA STREET: LADY JESSICA NEPEAN SAYS "GOOD-BYE!"

THE DANCER OF KOOM OMBO

BY
JOHN FOSTER
FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY
G. MONTBARD.



THE eyes of Hamid al-Attar wandered across the brown waters of the Nile and watched the sun growing large as it sank beyond the edge of the desert.

All day he had rested beneath the palms with his back to the trunk of a tree. The hot breath of the Nubian desert had parched his tongue, the midday glare had wearied him.

Yet he gave no heed. Sadness had settled on his rigid Arab features; the thin haughty lips were fixed, but the soft black eyes were half closed as though the mind were wrapped in a sensuous reverie.

As the shadow of the coming night spread over the plain he heard the call of the muezzins on the minarets that pierced the deepening blue sky. The mosques of Koom-Oumbo stood high above the dull square houses and tortuous bazaars, and the plaintive wail of the priests was wafted musically on the evening air.

"Allāhu akbar; ashhadu an lā ilāha ill' Allah!"

The cry reverberated with a strange thrill over the silent land, swelling and dying away.

Again came the cadenced call—"Allah is great; I testify there is no God but Allah!" sung in the soft Arab tongue that soothed like the touch of a breeze upon a cheek that is scorched.

It was the hour of maghrib.

Hamid al-Attar did not go to the town to pray, nor did he go to the Nile for the religious ablution. He rubbed his hands in the sand to make them clean before he stretched them forth in worship.

He turned his back to the mighty river and gazed across the desert towards Mecca. He removed his sandals, and raising his hands to the side of his face, he bowed; then putting his hands to his girdle, he bowed again. He knelt with his eyes cast upon the ground and recited the first Sūrah of the Koran: "In the name of Allah, the merciful and gracious. Praise be to Allah, the Lord of creatures, the Prince of the day of judgment. We serve Thee and pray to Thee for help; lead us in the right way of those to whom Thou hast shown mercy, upon whom no wrath resteth and who go not astray." He prostrated himself to the ground and thrice touched the hot sand with his forehead.

Ere the adoration was finished the brief African twilight had fled. The streaks of fiery gold that struck like shafts above the sun melted away till only a glowing band rested upon the fringe of the world. The sky changed to a darker blue; the crescent of the moon glistened with radiance, and the shadows of the palms stretched forth long arms and hid the lonely man in gloom.

When the night had come and only the howling of dogs in the alleys of Koom-Oumbo broke the stillness, Hamid al-Attar looked towards the rude, square-roofed town.

"To-night," he whispered to himself, "and every night, she dances to the crowd. And every step is like a dagger in my heart; yet her every smile like the blush of the morn. Oh that she were the maid of a sheikh! Oh that she were an Arab's daughter! Her lips are the gateways to Paradise, and her eyes have the glory of suns. Love is as strong as the Nile, and none know from whence it comes."

He meditatively sauntered towards the town.

At the crumbling gateway, through which shone dim lights behind dim casements, the parch-skinned

custodian greeted him. "Allah give thee a good evening," he croaked.

"May thy night be happy," Hamid answered.

"Thy father, the sheikh, has sent three times to-day to ask if thou hadst returned to the town."

The tall Arab youth made no reply, but hurried through the narrow streets.

A few shadowy,

white-robed figures passed, and he exchanged greetings.

There was only the light of the moon to illumine the way, but the soft silvery sheen, instead of exposing the squalor, settled like a halo about the houses till all were mystical, poetically fantastic and curiously quaint. There was many a balcony with wonderful woodwork lattice. Some of the houses swayed across the street till they almost touched; heavy studded doors looked sullen in the gloom. Gables caught the moonlight that spread in great uneven blotches along the street, and beneath were masses of darkness, accentuated by the weird flicker of swinging lamps.

Along this way, so ghostly and strange, Hamid al-Attar hastened with swift foot.

"Every night have I sworn that my eyes shall rest no more on the face of the white slave girl," he said, "yet every night do I worship her face like one entranced. The strength of my arm seems less. I have lost my love for the desert but have found a love for a woman. I sit and muse all day till my heart grows heavy with woe and my friends say that the spirits are in me. But it is love—love for an infidel—love for Sa-ām, the sylph dancer of Koom-Oumbo!"

Suddenly the soft tap of the darabūkeh and shrill notes of the zummāra reached the ear of the young Arab. A flush of eagerness spread over his frame. The sounds came from Mahomet Ali's café where the headmen of the town gathered.

"Peace to you, master," said the wizened old man shuffling along the low archway leading to the inner court.

"And to you," replied Hamid al-Attar.

"Ha! Hamid!" exclaimed a broadset smoker in a blue robe, "we thought the desert had swallowed you."

The tall Arab touched his breast, his lips, and his forehead in Moslem salutation.

"Abu Zéd notices the absence of his friends," he remarked.

The other returned the salute. He had a round swarthy face and the uneven features of the Egyptian from the Lower Nile.

Hamid al-Attar rested on a small Eastern mat. A slim-limbed barbarian brought him coffee and a nargileh and placed a glowing piece of charcoal on the top of the tumbak.

For a few minutes he smoked. The café, with vaulted roof, was dimly lit with curious brass lamps.

There was Hassan, the owner of three caravans, telling the story of his last excursion to Khartoum. Abdul, with one eye—the other had been pressed out by the thumb of a dervish in a desert raid—was narrating to a group, squatted around him, the news of a rebellion far up the Nile. A green-turbaned Arab, who had kissed the black stone at Mecca, was sullenly counting his beads, and a shrivel-visaged man, with small glistening eyes peering out over

the hard wrinkled skin on his cheeks, was puffing at an intoxicating hemp, and gently swaying his body in an ecstasy of mental aberration.

Around the little mosaic-worked tables the men lounged. There was no escape for the clouds of smoke that made everything shadowy. The agile figure of the barbarian boy running with coffee and water-pipes was like a will-o'-th'-wisp.

Above the clatter of fifty tongues soared the rattle of the tambourines, the beating of the fingers on the funnel-shaped darabūkeh, the wail of the nāi made of a reed, the screeching of the kemengeh, like a two-stringed violin, the body made of a cocoanut shell, and the twanging of the mandoline-like 'ūd.

The musicians, men of mixed race, cadaverous, lustful-eyed, full-lipped, were seated at the corner of a rug spread in the centre of the café.

Two hooded women, with veils reaching to their dreamy eyes, were softly singing "Hōi, hōi, ya habibi! Hōi, hōi, kum tabibi!" ("Come, come, O beloved! come and be my physician!")

Hamid al-Attar was the only man who listened to the plaintive love song. Yet he cared nothing for it. He was thinking of the slim girl, with the dew in her eyes, who was soon to dance for the amusement of these men. And in his heart, along with the love, there grew a hatred that her face should suffer desecration from their glances. Anger swelled in his Arab breast, and the hot blood chased through his veins. His fingers played with the long bright dagger beneath his robe and fire gleamed from his dark eyes.

"How like you the beautiful white girl, Sa-ām?" said Abu Zéd, his large round eyes glaring and his thick lips protruding further. "Do you know what people she belongs to?"

"It is said she is a Syrian by a Greek mother," replied Hamid.

"And do you know how she came here?"

"Mahomet Ali bought her, I suppose," and the Arab winced as he said it.

"Yes," and Abu Zéd moved nearer; "and the old son of a camel paid sixty thousand piastres for her. She was in the Hauran with her father; she was kidnapped by the Druses, who carried her off into Arabia; then she was brought down to the coast. Hassan bought her, as she could dance well, and sold her to Mahomet Ali."

Hamid said nothing, but puffed hard at his nargileh.

Abu Zéd bent over and whispered, "But don't you think Sa-ām is too good to be a slave and a servant?"

There was no one within earshot.

Instead of speaking, Hamid al-Attar gave an inquiring look.

"To-night," added the Egyptian, "when the moon begins to sink, I start for Khartoum with the caravan."

The clang of fantastic music almost buried his voice.

"Well?" said Hamid.

"And to-morrow night there will be no dancing-girl in Koom-Oumbo."

The Arab was like a Stoic. But he hungered to drive his dagger into the heart of the Egyptian. He only asked, "Have you spoken to Sa-ām?"

Abu laughed. "How you do lack wisdom! I will carry her off, willing or unwilling."

"And make her thy bride?"

Again Abu laughed. "At Khartoum," he said, "a white girl will be worth twelve thousand piastres."

"What, you will sell her?" and a black furrow gathered between the Arab's flashing eyes, and the blood left his tightened lips.

"Why not? Mahomet has no right to own a slave. There has been an English steamer at Assouan, and will be passing here to-morrow on the way back to Luxor.

What would the slave be worth if some of those meddling white devils came here and saw Sa-âm? Nothing!"

At that moment a wild shout burst from the throats of the crowd in the café, and the musicians awoke their instruments with a sudden rush of enthusiasm. The air was heavy with smoke, but through the haze could be seen the lithe figure of a girl.

"Sa-âm! Sa-âm!" was shouted, and the dancer smiled and then looked round the room with a half-frightened glance.

For an instant her eyes and those of Hamid al-Attar met. Every night, for many nights, their eyes had met, but never a word had been spoken.

She stood at the edge of the carpet, her hands raised to her shoulders. There was a small red cap upon the mass of ringletted black hair. Her eyes were as black as night, but gentle and dreamy, as though looking beyond the crowd to a scene she thought of with sadness. A short red waistcoat covered a tight-fitting garment of white. The gauze trousers were of red, and about her waist was a red

Sa-âm. Her beauty had captivated the sons of the desert. Her stately rigidity had put a touch of awe into their breasts. But when the madness of the dance had seized her; when she forgot her lost home and cared nothing for the rolling billows of smoke in the vaulted café, nor heeded the stare of a hundred passionate eyes, but heard only the mellow lute notes and the finger-beats on the drum, and the delight of the dance gained the mastery and she surrendered herself to mirthful revels, then they, too, caught something of her frenzy.

Blood ran swift to the throb of quickened hearts, and Arab eyes glistened with intensity of delight.

Ecstatic shouting and the clapping of hands greeted the conclusion of the dance, as the girl stood, heated and bewildered, with hands pressing to her waist.

"A hundred thousand piastres, if a metallic, will she be worth," Abu Zéd muttered to his companion.

Hamid al-Attar knit his brow. "At what hour do you carry her off?" he asked.

"At the fall of the moon—two hours past midnight,"

fluttered in dark corners, and the boy barbarian with new nargilehs and a pan of charcoal moved silently about.

Hamid al-Attar, proud son of the Arab sheikh, never took his eyes from the infidel girl. He was a devout Moslem, but no thought that was harsh ever crossed his mind.

He wished she had been no infidel, that she was no slave, that she was not the dancer of Koom-Ombo.

Again, though but for an instant, she looked into his face. A blush touched her cheek, and then her gaze was averted.

The Arab felt his veins swell. Did she love him? Love is impetuous in the East, and the first hour he ever saw her he had loved. But did she love? No words had ever been exchanged, yet he had pondered over the meaning of the hurried glance she directed towards him when nightly he rested on his accustomed seat in Mahomet / Il's café.

Now a resolve took possession of him. He must save her from being carried off across the arid sands to be sold in the slave market of Khartoum. There was no time to



sash. Her arms were bare, save that on each white wrist tinkled a cluster of bells.

A gentle sylph-like creature, of maybe seventeen summers, she stood exposed to the gaze of a throng of café idlers.

There was no restraint in the admiration of the men.

"As graceful as a palm," muttered one.

"She has a throat of marble," said another.

"Her bosom is as clear as alabaster," whispered a third.

"The eyes are as soft as those of an antelope."

"She holds herself like a queen."

"Yes, but see the manner of contempt with which she looks about, as though she scoffed us all!"

"Perhaps she does. She is of a white race away in the North. Do you notice the dagger peeping from her bosom? He would be a brave man that dare lay hands upon her."

"See how gently she is swaying her body!"

Hamid al-Attar heard the words of praise, and was angered at the men who uttered them.

The music was softened to a gentle cadence, and the two singers hummed a rhythmic air.

Sa-âm commenced to dance. At first there was only a swing of the body as, with mincing steps, she moved round the edge of the carpet. There was something slumberous in the gliding motion, and men forgot to smoke while looking upon the girl with head well posed and gaze lost in vacancy.

Like the flood of a stream the weird music gathered force, and as it broke into a turbulent torrent the dancing-girl of Koom-Ombo, catching the intoxication of the moment, gave a shake to her black tresses and sprang forward with a cry. Her feet chased quickly as she sped from side to side. A rich colour touched the pale cheeks. The dreaminess went from the eyes, and fire now flamed. The alabaster breasts heaved with excitement, and between the parted lips the breath came quick.

There had never been a dancer in Koom-Ombo like

A gentle sylph-like creature, of maybe seventeen summers, she stood exposed to the gaze of a throng of café idlers.

"And at what hour does the English steamer come down from the cataract?"

"Hush!" said Abu, solicitous none should overhear.

"I take her in my caravan, but if the English came here and were told Mahomet had a slave she would be seized. Probably the old brother of a mule would be punished. Do you not see that, should disturbance occur, I can say to Mahomet I carried her off for safety?"

"But is the steamer certain to stop at Koom-Ombo?" inquired Hamid, a light of passion in his eye.

Abu Zéd answered, "I have heard it is certain not to stop, but—the steamer will be my excuse should an affray occur. Ah! but is she not lovely? What lithesome limbs, what delicacy of feature! She would grace a pasha's harem."

Once more Sa-âm danced. But this time she was languid and graceful, and she bent her figure in rhythmic motion, half wearily, as though the tempest of the first dance had left her faint and nerveless. The dulcet wail of the singers, the restrained music, were in harmony with the poetical gliding of the girl.

The scene was Orientally picturesque. The swinging lamps threw a dim light on the throng of bright clad men with their dusky regular features; strange shadows

bargain with the old villain, her present owner, to buy her and give her liberty. He must forestall Abu Zéd.

And when his glance had followed the girl until she retired, and the musicians rested and rolled little cigarettes, and sipped at their tiny cups of coffee, and the murmur of many tongues floated through the smell of the intoxicating hashish, Hamid al-Attar bade good-night to his companions and wandered into the street.

The air was cool, and as fresh as the scent of a flower, after the hot atmosphere of the café.

He wandered slowly along the moon-bathed ways, his long white cloak thrown over his shoulder.

"Oh that an infidel should be so fair!" he sighed.

"Oh that a Moslem should not wed an infidel!"

For a time rebellious thoughts ran through his mind.

He would forsake Islam. He would cleave to the woman that he loved!

Then came the remembrance of who he was—of the name that he bore. And he raised his head, and, looking into the dark blue heavens, like a veil studded with silver, he stretched forth his hands: "O Allah!—the most merciful—forgive!"

A crooked old figure came tottering down the winding street humming an Arab song: "Shuftum Ali yâ nâs."

The youth stood back in a deep shadow. It was the keeper of the north gate.

"Ah, you old man!" he said, stepping out. "You close the gates early to-night."

"Worthy son of a noble sire," the gatekeeper replied, "the gates have been closed since sundown."

"Then I would go and walk the edge of the mighty Nile. Give me the keys."

The man feared the son of the sheikh, and with trembling hand gave Hamid the keys.

"I will replace them on the ledge when I return," the youth said.

"Oh, noble son, the town will be in safe keeping." And he tottered on his way.

The Arab waited long hours till silence hung over the town.

Then he crept by narrow paths back to the café of Mahomet Ali. The place was in gloom, for all the guests had gone. With stealthy steps he walked about till he came to the little wall that encircled the harem. But for an instant did he show himself in the gleam of the moon. A flickering light from a casement directed his steps, soft and silent.

He peered between the lattice and saw the beautiful Sa-âm weeping.

This part of the residence was easy to reach. Abu Zéd had been aware of the fact, and so his design was easy of accomplishment. There was nothing simpler than to force an entrance, gag the girl, and carry her off.

The breath of Hamid al-Attar came swift as he looked upon the woman in her distress—still the dancing girl of Koom-Ombo, but with none of the uncontrollable passion of the dance in her eyes. He had thought her beautiful when she was gracefully skimming through the dance; yet far more beautiful was she now when those eyes were filled with tears.

Almost with fear he tapped at the lattice window. The girl started and looked round with affright. If she screamed all would be lost.

"Sa-âm!" he whispered, "it is Hamid al-Attar, the man who has looked into your face. He loves you, and you are in danger. He comes not to speak love but to save you from harm."

The woman stood trembling, her long loose raiment falling about her.

"Oh, flower of a far land!" he whispered, again putting his cheek close to the lattice, "have trust and no ill will fall."

There was an earnest beseeching in his tone that reassured her.

She moved towards the lattice and asked, though she could not see the man, "Why hast thou come?"

"To-night thou art to be carried off across the weary desert and sold in Khartoum."

She shuddered. "How know you?" she said.

"I know it from the lips of the man who would carry thee off."

Slowly she opened the lattice and, when she saw the Arab in the moonlight, confusion swept across her cheek. And then a happy light, like the birth of a new day, filled her countenance as she looked into his face and saw the glow of love.

"Sa-âm!" he said, "why wept you?"

"I was thinking of my people in Greece," she said demurely.

"Your love is great for your kin."

"Ah, great indeed!"

"And no other love has ever touched your heart?"

She lifted her eyes to his, and he understood.

They were both wild children of nature and, as their souls felt, so their looks and tongues proclaimed.

"Has Mahomet Ali been kind to you?" the Arab asked soothingly.

"Yes. It is my dancing he loves, and which fills his café."

"And you are happy?" he added.

The girl did not reply.

His own mad love had nearly driven from his mind the danger in which the dancer stood.

"There is a plot," he said suddenly, "to carry you off to Khartoum. I've come to save you. But you must away with me—you must trust me. You are not happy in this land of strangers. You cry for your own people. Come—come quickly. At the dip of the moon the thieves will be here. You must have flown, and none must know to where you have flown. Have courage! I am a Moslem and thou art an infidel, but Allah will watch over thee for the love one of the faithful has in his breast. Come!"

She believed him. He stood aside while she wrapped a dark garment about her. She stepped out and placed her hand in his.

"You trust an Arab?" he asked.

"I trust you," she replied.

As they hurried along the streets, past the overhanging houses with fantastic gables, and no sound breaking the hushed night, they kept close to the shadows to escape the notice of any late wanderer.

On they sped towards the gate, each with too full a heart to speak. Once they halted, for a noise was heard. It was the clatter of some running pedestrians' sandals in a neighbouring way.

"Beyond the gate will we be safe," muttered the Arab, and the dancer of Koom-Ombo held to his arm tightly and hastened by his side.

The hand of Hamid al-Attar shook as he put forth his arm to turn the key under the gloom of the archway.

That instant a man dashed furiously from the blackness upon the pair.

"Thou most accursed dog!" yelled the aggressor.

The Arab succeeded in holding the other to the ground, and, exhausted by the conflict, he stayed his vengeance.

And on the soft midnight air there sounded a shrill whistle.

"Allah!" muttered Hamid; "it is the English steamer. Sa-âm!"

The dancer came towards them.

"Lift the key from the—from the ground; open the gate and rush—rush to the river. The boat is going to—Egypt. Tell them you are—are escaping—a slave—and, and—"

Abu Zéd gave a heave to throw off his oppressor, but Hamid held the mastery.

"I cannot leave thee thus!" pleaded the girl with agony.

"Fly, fly! if thou wouldst save thy life as well as mine. Some day—some day—ah!"

The fight recommenced.

With tearful eyes Sa-âm obeyed the man that she loved. Distracted with grief, she moaned an infidel prayer and vanished into the darkness.

Long was the struggle between the men. Muffled curses broke from their dry throats. The ground was torn into powder where they lay. Black hate was in their hearts, and nothing but death would stay the tempest of fight.

With an effort Hamid tore his right arm free. There was the flash of his dagger in the light of the moon, and then it was buried in the heart of the Egyptian. But ere the Egyptian fell back with a groan he, too, had driven his dagger into the breast of the Arab.

The men lay apart, Hamid al-Attar groaning, Abu Zéd quiet, for the quietness of death was on him.

The youth put his hand to his side, and felt that his life was flowing. He crept to the other, and saw by the fixed stare of the eyes that the end had come.

With dizzy brain and feeble limbs he raised himself to his feet and crawled along the side of the wall towards the gate.

"Oh, Sa-âm," he moaned, "thou sweetest of infidels, it is well I should die. Go to thy own sunny land and be—be happy. Sa-âm!"

He stretched out his hands in appeal, as though he would yet have her come to him. Tottering through the gate, he wandered with uneven steps over the plain of sand.

All the world seemed to reel; his eyes grew dim; a great faintness enveloped him, and he sank to the earth.

"It is the entrance to Paradise," he whispered. "Sa-âm!"

He could not rise. All his strength had gone. He could only lift himself slightly while his black eyes looked towards the Nile.

And he listened to the dull thud of the steamer as it came round in the river.

"She is safe now!" he thought.

Then he watched the lights on the boat grow small and disappear, and silence hung over the desert.

He lay for a long time, till on the night air he heard the muezzin from the minaret of the mosque incite to devotion all the faithful yet awake: "Allāhu akbar: ashhadu an la ilāha ill' Allāh; ashhadu anna Muhammeda rasūlu' llāh!"

"Allah is great!" repeated the Arab. "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet."

He turned round and placed his cheek on the sand.

"Sa-âm!" he whispered.

And when the sun rose with joy and sent a shaft of light dancing over the turrets of Koom-Ombo, Hamid al-Attar was very cold.

THE END.



There was the flash of his dagger in the light of the moon, and then it was buried in the heart of the Egyptian.

"and would'st thou covet what I have set my eyes upon?"

He stepped back, and the light of the moon fell clear upon the wrathful features of Abu Zéd.

The hot blood jumped through the veins of the Arab as he drew a dagger, and with firm, fierce eyes crouched like an angry tiger ready to spring upon a foe.

"Thou coveted her!" hissed the Egyptian.

"Thou liest!" retorted the Arab.

"Not one step shalt thou advance save over my dead body."

"Then over thy dead body be it," and Hamid glared with a wild ferocity.

Sa-âm shrank back with dismay. She knew not what to do. She could do nothing.

The men closed. They were strong and agile, with sinews like iron. The Egyptian was the taller and heavier, but the Arab had muscles like wrought iron. They looked into one another's face with awful enmity; they wrestled and swayed in blind fight, each gripping the other's wrist to ward off the point of the dagger.

Abu Zéd panted with the mad toil. His enemy with gigantic force hurled him away. But before he rose Hamid had him in a death clasp, and the men pitched and rolled on the hard earth.

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RETIREMENT OF MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

Miss Anna Williams, who this month bids farewell as a vocalist to the British public, which has admired her genius so sincerely, will be a real loss to the world of song. Yet it will be a satisfaction to a great artist to know that she retires at the zenith of her fame, amid the sympathetic regret of all who appreciate her art. Rather than seem "to lag superfluous on the stage," she has chosen to say "good-bye" at a moment when all acknowledge her splendid powers of interpreting the finest music. The Albert Hall on Wednesday evening, Oct. 13, will be crowded, one is sure, with thousands who have during the last twenty years heard the beautiful voice, and enjoyed the refined style, of one of our greatest oratorio singers.

Miss Anna Williams has a link with literature as well as music, for she is the daughter of the late Mr. Smith Williams, who, as "reader" to Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., was the earliest to recognise the genius of Charlotte Brontë. He read "Jane Eyre" in manuscript, and advised its acceptance. One day he brought Charlotte Brontë and her sister—under assumed names, and calling them distant cousins—to his own house. After their departure, Mrs. Smith Williams shrewdly remarked, "Unless I am much mistaken, those are the Miss Brontës; in that case they must indeed be very distant cousins!" Mr. Williams died when his daughter Anna was quite young. Her voice early attracted the notice of a connoisseur, who offered to send her to Italy for further training. Of her experiences abroad Miss Williams wrote years ago an interesting account in the *Girls' Own Paper*. Her teachers were Mr. Henry Deacon, Mr. J. B. Welch, and Signor Domenico Scatoti. She understood, as she has practised since, the meaning of the word "thorough," for when asked what oratorios she knew, the young singer replied: "All of them!"

Her début was at a Saturday concert in the Crystal Palace, on Jan. 17, 1874. She essayed the rôle of Leonora in "Il Trovatore" during the following winter, but it was evident that her success would lie in oratorio singing. In 1876 she sang at the Three Choirs Festival, at which she has appeared every year since, always with conspicuous ability. With certain works, such as Dr. Hubert Parry's "Judith" and "Prometheus Unbound," her name will always be remembered. Her resourcefulness and wide acquaintance with all kinds of music have come to the rescue of many distracted conductors. Once at a Birmingham Festival, Miss Williams undertook Madame Albani's soli, as well as her own, at very brief notice; the grateful committee presented her with a diamond star.

There is a special appropriateness in the Albert Hall being the scene of her farewell concert, for it was in that immense building that she sang in the presence of the Queen, before the hall was completed, to test its acoustic properties. The young artist sang without any accompaniment, but acquitted herself so well that the committee gave her a gold watch and chain as a memento. Since that early experiment, Miss Williams has had many an opportunity of testing the acoustic properties of the Albert Hall. Recently she has been adding to her long list of successes

in the provinces by singing at the Chester and Birmingham Musical Festivals. Londoners ought to be specially proud of Miss Williams, for she is one of the few British singers who are natives of London. Another point which must not be omitted in this brief biography is the interest which Miss Williams has always taken in the efforts of choirs. No soloist notices more carefully the singing of choirs than Miss Williams, and her popularity with them has long been well established. In the grand choruses of



Photo Hulton, London.

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

the "Messiah" or "Elijah" she would usually be heard singing as vigorously as any soprano member of the choir.

In January 1896 she was appointed a professor of singing at the Royal College of Music, so that her services to music will not end with her retirement from solo-singing. Miss Williams' sister-in-law is Madame Marian Mackenzie, the popular contralto; her brother-in-law is Mr. Lowes Dickinson, the artist. In private life, as in public, Miss Williams is charming, sincere, and ever-conscious of the dignity of her work. She will carry with her the affectionate regard of the British public, to whose enjoyment she has ministered with the uplifting influence of a true singer for over twenty years.

A JEWISH HOLY DAY.

The Fast of the Atonement, most sacred of all the Jewish Holy Days, commenced on Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 5.25 p.m., and ended on Wednesday evening at ten minutes after six. The Day of Atonement, known outside Jewish circles as the Great White Fast, is strictly observed, with very few exceptions, by the Jews all over the world. The least observant members of the community find their way to Synagogue upon this occasion, religiously observing total abstinence from food and drink for a period that always exceeds twenty-four hours, and praying with devotion for the remission of sin that, all believe, accompanies this sacred day. On Yom Kippur, as the day is called in Hebrew—i.e., the Day of Forgiveness, many familiar and distinguished faces are missing from business circles; the very markets of the world check their activity as though in sympathy with the solemnity of the occasion that sends the Jews *en masse* to the Synagogue instead of the Mart. The theatres, the Stock Exchange, all suffer; while many a man whose name is more familiar than his creed finds in the Day of Atonement occasion for the confession of his faith. To quote a single example, the late actor, David James, might always be seen in the Synagogue of the Sephardi community on the Day of Atonement.

The devotion displayed in most synagogues is very impressive; the scene fixes itself upon the most careless eye. The big building, faintly outlined in the dim religious light of countless candles and the ever-living light outside the place where the Scrolls of the Law are kept; the crowd of worshippers in their praying shawls, *talithim*; the solemn tones of the reader, the responses of the congregation—all these things impress the observer in the Western synagogues frequented by wealthy Jews. And down East—where the toilers of the Ghetto crowd in their thousands to Charrington's Hall and weep and wail in true Polish fashion, swayed by their minister, as a mighty orchestra by skilled conductor's baton—there the sight is ever memorable. Service lasts for three or four hours on the evening of the Fast, and for nearly twelve continuous hours on Yom Kippur itself; so that, when the trumpet of ram's horn sounds the signal of forgiveness at the termination of the Fast, the mental and physical prostration are equally great.

MR. GLADSTONE IN RETIREMENT.

The very latest portrait of Mr. Gladstone shows the aged statesman in the enjoyment of free and easy beatitude. For a time it seemed as though the ex-Premier's retirement were to be devoted to political recreations of a somewhat polemical character, but of late we have heard less of the pyrotechnic letter and post-card. Still, even in his beautiful retreat, Mr. Gladstone must be in some sort of combat, and lately we have seen him taking up the cudgels on a matter connected with dairy produce. Ever versatile, he occupies his pen as readily with questions of butter-making as with the Olympian religion and Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian." On Oct. 2 Mr. Gladstone left Birnam and returned to Hawarden, after a lengthy visit to Scotland.



Photo A. F. Macbaine Birnam, N.B.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE.



THE GREAT DAY OF ATONEMENT: THE SCENE AT A SYNAGOGUE.

Drawn by Isaac Snowman.

On October 6, the whole of Jewry celebrated the Fast of Atonement, the most solemn day in the Jewish calendar. Our Illustration represents the synagogue service of the day at the time when the Chazan or reader recites the Confession of Sin. At the mention of each crime of which it is assumed the House of Israel has been guilty, the reader strikes his breast in token of remorse.

LITERATURE.

THE VETERAN VERDI.

Giuseppe Verdi celebrates his eighty-fourth birthday next Sunday. The event is one of affectionate interest to all the lovers of opera, and to *The Illustrated London News* it has a gratifying side to it, for this Journal was among the very first to recognise the supreme genius of the great Italian, at a time when English criticism saw very little in his work to praise. England has offered a conspicuous congratulation to the venerable composer in the shape of an elaborate biography by Mr. Frederick J. Crowest, which Mr. John Milne has just published, and which contains an excellent summary of his life and work. Verdi was born on Oct. 10, 1813, at Roncole, at the foot of the Apennines, some seventeen miles north-west of Parma. At a very early period he evinced the keenest pleasure in music, which his parents, who kept a tumble-down inn, cultivated assiduously. At the age of ten he became office-boy to a grocer in the neighbouring town of Busseto, and, as his master was extremely musical, the lad continued his studies with such effect that he succeeded the organist of his native village at the age of eleven, and seven years later became a pupil of the conductor of the theatre of La Scala. Having married his old employer's daughter, he migrated to Milan, where, on Nov. 17, 1839, his first opera, "Oberto," was produced, with such success that Ricordi, the publisher, with whose house he has since been connected, gave him £70 for the copyright, while several commissions were offered him. His first opera of his heard in England was "Ermioni," produced in London on March 8, 1845. *The Illustrated London News* praised it highly, viewing Verdi as the "only composer of real and sterling merit in Italy," for though Rossini and Donizetti were still living, they had ceased to write. While of "Nabucco," which was produced in London a year later, this Journal declared that it "bore the stamp of genius and deep thought." Verdi wrote "I Masnadieri," based upon Schiller's "Robbers," especially for Her Majesty's Theatre, Jenny Lind appearing as the heroine, while Verdi himself conducted. The house was crowded, the Queen and Prince Albert being present; but the opera proved a failure, although it had some real merit. Verdi came completely to his own when, in 1853, he wrote "Il Trovatore," producing "La Traviata" within three months. Verdi owes much of his popularity in England to Madame Patti, to whom Mr. Crowest has appropriately dedicated his book, and who created the part of Aida in London one-and-twenty years ago. The most remarkable feature about Verdi's work has been its continuous development throughout. Beginning with the worst traditions of the early Italian school, he has lived side by side with the great reformers, more especially Wagner, and has assimilated much of their method, without losing his characteristic genius, until it is difficult to conceive that the Verdi who wrote "Il Trovatore" is the Verdi who wrote "Otello" and "Falstaff"—the latter at the mature age of eighty-two. Probably no operatic composer is so familiar to the man in the street as Verdi, and if the younger generation has ceased to appraise "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" at their full value, a great singer like Melba can galvanise his early work into as much life as the most modern operas; so that the entire range of his genius, extending over a period of close on sixty years, is within the ken of the modern playgoer. Verdi's private career has been lived on the loftiest plane.

For nearly fifty years he has made the villa of St. Agata, near Busseto, his favourite residence. After the death of his first wife, he married Madame Strepponi, who played in the first performance of his "Nabucco," at Milan, over fifty-five years ago. He leads a retired life. The secret of his wonderful vitality, says Mr. Crowest, is the "old *mens sana in corpore sano* principle." He is an early riser, and is devoted to gardening. He has always been religious, and his life throughout has been blameless; and numerous philanthropic works, in particular the hospital at Busseto, owe their existence to him. For long the gossips have been concerned about the disposal of his fortune, which is said to amount to ten million lire, and which, it is said, he will leave to form a home for musicians and singers in straitened circumstances. May the day, however, be far off, for among the great old men still with us we have few with such a record as this Verdi, who has done so much to make the world brighter than he found it.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

A Rash Verdict. By Leslie Keith. (Richard Bentley and Son.) With the Turkish Army in Thessaly. By Clive Bigham. (Macmillan and Co.)

With the Greeks in Thessaly. By W. K. Rose. (Methuen.) *Greece in the Nineteenth Century.* By Lewis Sargant. (T. Fisher Unwin.) *The Battleground of Thessaly.* By Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett. (John Murray.) *Memories of the Crimea.* By Sister Mary Aloysius. (Burns and Oates.) *In Joyful Russia.* By John A. Logan, jun. (C. A. Pearson, Limited.) *White Man's Africa.* By Pauline Bigelow. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, and with Photographs by the Author. (Harper and Brothers.)

"A Rash Verdict" is a brightly written novel, whose hinge is not as strong or probable as its original. A great city merchant wished to put into the hands of a struggling lawyer a piece of business which smacked of dishonesty. It was not absolutely illegal, nor even immoral, but a Stock Exchange taint about it stank so in the nostrils of this unique lawyer that he denounced it and its promoter with a vehemence which strikes the reader as priggish. The merchant takes the odd revenge of abusing the lawyer in his will, and from his will his heiress, the heroine, derives her impression of the young solicitor thus denounced. This is "the rash verdict," which shuts out the hero from all hope of her love, and leads to his loss at sea.

The Greco-Turkish War has of necessity produced its literary aftermath. The growth is mainly of three kinds:

first, the *réchauffé*, more or less readable and welcome, of the war-correspondent's letters; second, the work of the historian, not exclusively of the war, who writes for our instruction concerning Greece, with a journalistic eye to the interest of the moment; and last, if not least, we have the account of the person who saw the war not as official correspondent, but as curious observer, and, in one case at least, as self-constituted mediator between the belligerents. To the first class belong the narratives of Messrs. Clive Bigham and W. Kinnaird Rose. Mr. Bigham, special correspondent to the *Times*, tells the story of his experiences with the Turkish army in Thessaly. As the book was written immediately after the conclusion of the armistice between Turkey and Greece, and before the publication of any official papers on military operations, consequently the author would have it regarded as only a rough sketch, not absolutely accurate, perhaps, in all details of figures, but in the main correct. Beginning at the beginning, Mr. Bigham deals briefly with the more immediate causes of the war. The chief blame he lays at the door of the Ethniki Hetairia, which has now sunk into well-merited disrepute and obscurity, with the record of having been no less distinguished in the history of Greece for folly than for criminal meddling



SIGNOR VERDI, AGED EIGHTY-FOUR.

From Mr. F. J. Crowest's "Verdi, Man and Musician" (J. Milne.)

and incompetence. Before the actual outbreak of hostilities, Mr. Bigham had opportunity of observing the equipment and discipline of the Turkish army, concerning which he is rather laborious in detail. From dry statistics a happy relief is afforded by an interesting account of Edhem Pasha and his staff. The Turkish Commander, we are reminded, had an unusually difficult part to play, for he had to avoid winning overmuch renown, which would have been as fatal to him as disgrace. The story of the actual conflict is told vigorously and circumstantially. The text is elucidated by capital illustrations and maps. Considering the possibilities of the subject, however, the book seems something dull and matter-of-fact.

Not so the story of the other side, as told by Mr. Kinnaird Rose, whose book, "With the Greeks in Thessaly," successfully combines the circumstantial and the picturesque. From cover to cover Mr. Rose's work is not only informing, but entertaining. The author's pages—for the most part his Reuter despatches—which we have already perused, may well bear a second reading, so brimful are they of the varied and exciting life of camp and field. With Mr. Rose's memorable sea and land journey to Athens with despatches we are already familiar, but the interest of his eleventh chapter, which recounts that exploit, is no way dulled because of previous acquaintance. That journey to Athens was, for the correspondent, fortunately timed, as he arrived just when the Ministerial crisis occurred. Consequently, Mr. Rose was enabled to include in his narrative Athenian doings as well as those of the field. The impression the

book leaves, indeed, is that Reuter's intrepid correspondent must have possessed the gift of ubiquity—so many things has he seen in so many different places. He missed, it is true, the first battle of Velestino, but the glimpse into Athenian politics which absence from the front afforded is ample compensation for a second-hand story of the earlier engagement. Altogether, these despatches form a picturesque and racy volume. The admirable pictures are the work of Mr. W. T. Maud, of the *Graphic*.

"Greece in the Nineteenth Century," by Lewis Sergeant, a book, by the way, not unlike the work of M. Kellias, sketches the history of the country from the Revolution to the present. Mr. Sergeant puts his case clearly and, on the whole, fairly, but his obvious Philhellenism occasionally gets the better of his judgment and betrays him into poetic flights somewhat out of keeping with the sober muse of history. His paraphrase of a Klephtic song seems rather too much of a paraphrase when one carefully considers the original. The book is disfigured by several blunders. For instance, one of the illustrations, representing the best-known slab in the whole Parthenon frieze, is entitled "Tomb in the Keramikos." The illustrations, which have little to do with the text, are singularly unfortunate. "An Eyzyne" is obviously a photograph from the antiquity shop. The alleged "Greek regular" carries mimetic knives and a gun that is certainly some generations out of date. The subject of the photograph is not posing as a soldier at all, but as a Klepht.

Nothing if not partisan, as might be expected, is Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett's "Battlefields of Thessaly." Inspired by ancient belief in the Turk, the author gaily strives to do the much-abused Ottoman justice in a narrative which meanders over some four hundred pleasantly printed pages. The question of atrocities naturally finds its place, and Sir Ellis seeks, in all honesty, to show the truth about Armenia. He allows and regrets much that happened three years ago at Sassun, but of the "atrocity-monger" of the recent Greco-Turkish War he makes short work by an adaptation of the Socratic method. The tale of Sir Ellis's wanderings with his young son Ellis (commonly called "the boy") and their servant Elia, is told in all simplicity and straightforwardness. Now and then the reader is tempted to ask, "Is Sir Ellis a humorist?" but reflection convinces one that he is not. That is, perhaps, as well, for in the author's seriousness lies the chief humour of the volume. How Sir Ellis talked to the Sultan, how he was caught by the Greeks, how young Ellis nearly smote M. Rhalys (why not Ralli?) for his impetuous civility, how Sir Ellis reasoned sweetly with the King of Greece, how faithfully they were served by the man Elia, how the man Elia, though usually intrepid, was once affrighted—is it not written in the book of the chronicle of Silomo? Of course there are also details of the fighting, but these are of subordinate interest. Once, however, Sir Ellis has a real find, "a Greek atrocity," which serves as a handy foil to the foolish tales of Turkish barbarity. The book certainly is not lacking in information, but its chief interest, if not value, will be found to be in the author's ingenious self-revelation.

Interesting reminiscences of an older war come to us in Sister Mary Aloysius's little book, "Memories of the Crimea." The Sister is the last survivor of a heroic little company of nuns who went forth to care for the sick and dying at Scutari, Koulali, and Balaklava. The little work is written with a sweet and chastened purity of expression, and contains moments of real power, such as the death of Sister Mary Elizabeth.

The Czar's country from an American point of view is brightly treated in Mr. J. Logan's "In Joyful Russia." The brightness and knowledge, however, are, we fear, those characteristic of the brief sojourner. The book deals with every conceivable aspect of Russian life, which is described with considerable humour and some power of observation. The author was fortunate enough to see the coronation at Moscow, of which he has given a glowing account. But for all his entertaining style, Mr. Logan cannot readily be forgiven for speaking about "the medieval ages." But Mr. Logan is nothing if not bold. He has chapters "mere notes," as he says, "the very primary notes" on Slavonic literature and art. Truly, your brief sojourner is a person of wonderful illumination.

The views of a writer of Mr. Bigelow's stamp possess the value and freshness which are important contributions to the solution of current problems in South Africa. His qualifications for a hearing lie in a fairly wide acquaintance with allied questions elsewhere. For Mr. Bigelow has studied the history of black and white colonisation in his native America, and visited certain dependencies of Britain, as the West Indies and Guiana, wherein the negro element is dominant. If France has afforded him in North America an object-lesson how not to deal with subject races, America supplies a hopeful example in the gradual victory of federation over the old jealousies and suspicions, not merely between North and South, but between States adjoining one another—as Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. And despite the revival of slowly vanishing race-hatred between Boer and Britisher through Jameson's Raid, Mr. Bigelow sees elements of union at work whose combination will be brought about neither by Cecil Rhodes nor President Kruger, but by those Africaners who "feel and act as such, whether their farms lie in Natal or the Cape, the Transvaal or the Orange Free State." Among the lively features of this well-written and well-illustrated book are records of interviews with Oom Paul and President Steyn, together with extracts from the diary of a soldier-doctor in Jameson's troop, who admits "We were nothing but pirates, and richly deserved hanging—every one of us." What has the Poet Laureate to say to that?

A LITERARY LETTER.

At length we have a moderately priced edition of Mr. Meredith's novels, printed as so great an author ought to be printed. The first volume has just been issued by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., who, I regret to add, by the way, still persist in disfiguring their reviewers' copies of books by stamps and pencil-marks. Several publishers have abandoned that foolish policy since I last remarked upon it. This edition of "Richard Feverel" is all that could be desired, and will quite throw into the shade the older editions which were issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Now that the luxurious library edition is all but completed, and already in the hands of the bibliophiles, to whom large paper and limited numbers are an attraction, I may say, without prejudice to that limited edition, how much more I like the popular edition which Messrs. Constable have just begun to issue at six shillings. This "Richard Feverel," as I have said, is printed with a perfectly readable type; the paper is so light that the volume can be held comfortably by the laziest of readers. There is a charming frontispiece in the shape of a photogravure illustration of the old weir—the scene of Richard's meeting with Lucy—which, as we know, is not very far from Weybridge. So pleased am I with this edition of "Richard Feverel," that, although I possess every one of Mr. Meredith's first editions in my library, and the new library edition as well, I do not think that anyone who spends six shillings or four shillings and sixpence upon this copy, which I have just this moment received, need envy me in the least. There is no classical novelist—and Mr. Meredith has by all acknowledgment now become a classic—whose works have been printed in so acceptable a form as that with which Messrs. Constable have now provided us.

There is a well-known poem by Campbell concerning Napoleon Bonaparte which opens with the familiar lines—

I love contemplating a part
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits which soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

In the same way Campbell, who once rejoiced heartily that one of Napoleon's nobler deeds was that he had shot a publisher, would probably be willing, were he now alive, to soften his strictures on that profession by joining in the congratulations which we all wish to give to Mr. John Lane on his approaching marriage. Mr. Lane has really been a good friend to the poets. In fact, he has made their wares, which were in the old days, with rare exceptions, the subject of considerable disbursement on the part of unhappy poets, of some commercial value to them. At any rate, I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Lane has never published a volume of poems for which he has not taken the financial responsibility. Many writers, whose earlier verses passed almost unnoticed—as, for example, Mrs. Meynell and Miss Katharine Tynan—have blossomed into fame under Mr. Lane's kindly guidance. This literary daring should surely make Mr. Lane's approaching marriage a matter of hearty congratulation, and, indeed, ought to inspire not a few verses from the singing-birds who flourish at the Bodley Head. The lady is Mrs. Eichberg King, well known in America as a writer of two interesting books—"Brown's Retreat: Short Stories of Life in New England," and "Kilwick Stories," a volume of Dutch idylls. Mrs. King, who is very charming and gifted, is at present residing in London with her mother, whose husband, Julius Eichberg, was a famous musical composer in his day. Mrs. Eichberg's father was a friend of Heine's, and she possesses many relics of the great German poet. The wedding, I understand, will take place in January.

It would have rejoiced the heart of Sir Walter Scott, whose highest ideal in fiction was perhaps Colonel Mantering, the Indian officer whom Hogz described as

THE "THRASHER" DISASTER.

The ill-fated torpedo-boat destroyer *Thrasher* had no sooner been repaired after her recent collision with the cruiser *Phaeton* than she again met with misfortune. The *Thrasher* and her sister-boat the *Lynx* left Devonport on Monday, Sept. 27, for the usual four days' exercises, and on Wednesday morning news was received that both vessels had met with a very serious accident. They were reported



THE DISASTER TO TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS: H.M.S. "LYNX."

Photo Saunders and Co., Portsmouth.

ashore off the Dodman, a dangerous cape between Fowey and Falmouth. Foggy weather would appear to have been the cause of the mishap. The striking was bad enough, but in the case of the *Thrasher* the matter was made worse by the explosion of the steam-pipe. By this additional disaster four stokers lost their lives and one was desperately injured. Stoker Paul, who died of his wounds shortly after being brought ashore, behaved with splendid heroism. At the time of the explosion he could easily have saved himself, but he insisted on rendering assistance to a comrade, Lynch, and thus sacrificed his own life. It is doubtful whether Lynch will recover. The disabled boats were subsequently got off and towed into Devonport. The *Thrasher* was in a sinking condition, but the *Lynx*, although badly holed, managed to get off without aid. The official explanation of the occurrence is that while steaming in line through a fog of exceptional density, the *Thrasher*, which was leading, ran ashore, while the *Lynx*, which was following so closely that she could not be brought to in time, immediately grounded as well, and collided with her sister vessel. The damage to the *Thrasher* is very great. Both her holds were embedded in the rocks, and every part of her was full of water. Fishing-boats from Gorran Haven removed everything movable of the *Thrasher*'s gear, and the steam-tug *Triton* towed the disabled vessel off the rocks about a quarter to four o'clock. The crews of the two destroyers were taken off by the fishing-boats. They were at once conveyed to Falmouth. The unfortunate Lynch was able to walk ashore supported by fishermen, but Paul, whose injuries were frightful, was carried in a sail. All Lynch's thoughts were for his comrade, and on hearing of his death he was terribly



THE DAMAGED BOWS OF THE "THRASHER."

Photo Miss Fitch-Waller.

dejected. He now lies in a critical condition. Her Majesty has sent a gracious message of sympathy to the survivors and relatives of the sufferers.

THE RECORD REIGN NUMBER

of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, price 2s. 6d., is Out of Print. A Superior Edition, bound in Royal Blue Cloth Gilt, price 7s. 6d., can be obtained from all local Newsagents and Booksellers.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is stated by one of the proprietors of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," that they do not wish to water down the existing book. It is true that they invited Professor Mason, Mr. Stuckey Coles, and Mr. O. H. Whitaker to examine for them carefully the hymns with regard to Heaven and the Intermediate State. These three gentlemen reported that a very small number of alterations

should be made on doctrinal grounds, those grounds being that in one or two instances the effect of our Lord's descent into hell was spoken of in language more explicit than Holy Scripture would altogether justify, and that in a few other instances it seemed to be taught that Christians at death pass direct from earth to heaven. It is stated that if the present proprietors live to see the work finished, the next edition will certainly not be less worthy to be called a Catholic book than the present.

Reforms have been made by the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation. New officers have been appointed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hardy, whose vigorous action in the investigation of the late scandal will be remembered, has become the treasurer. There seems to be no thought of taking steps for the punishment of the last secretary.

Bishop Tugwell is much disquieted by the alarming increase of the liquor traffic in West Africa. Considerably more than half the revenues we draw from our English colonies in West Africa is obtained from the duty on spirits. In the seven years since 1890 the traffic has more than doubled. There is a danger of its increasing with the advance of the railway in the hinterland. It is much to be hoped that Bishop Tugwell will be supported in his efforts.

The *Church Times* correspondent has the following paragraph about the absence of any formal address of welcome from the Nonconformists of Nottingham to the Church Congress: "The reason seems to be not that the Dissenters are hostile or indifferent, but that they are weak. They have been foremost among those who have offered hospitality, and they are attending the sessions in large numbers; but there seems to be no doubt that while the Church has been making headway in recent years, Dissent has not. Hence its abstinence from all public action must be put down to a fine sense of modesty." A speaker at the Congress, Canon Hammond, said that "perfect love casteth out Dissent."

Speaking for the Broad Church party, Dr. Hlewyn Davies said that Huxley wound up a talk about Jowett by exclaiming, "I call him a disintegrator!" Maurice was not a disintegrator, but a most positive and constructive theologian. Dr. Davies said that Tennyson and Browning had a great deal of theology in their poems, and that that theology was Broad Church of the Maurician type.

The *Guardian*, whose whole policy on the Education question has been uncertain and wavering to a degree, has thrown up the idea of insisting on the teaching of the Apostles' Creed in the London Board schools. It urges that Church children attending Board schools should have facilities for being taught by clergymen. It is evident that nothing has been more unpopular lately among Londoners than the turning of the School Board into a theological board-garden.

Speaking at the Church Congress, the Rev. A. C. Headlam said that "much of the criticism of 'Robert Elsmere,' or of 'Supernatural Religion,' is almost as old-fashioned as Dean Burgon's theory of textual criticism." Professor Sanday said: "Whatever the balance of good or evil in the Tolstoyan theory, as a theory it is now dead, and its epitaph has been written in the striking preface to Professor Harnack's last great work on the 'Chronology of Early Christian Writings.'"

Much progress has been made with the biography of Mr. Spurgeon. It will be largely an autobiography, and will appear in four ten-and-sixpenny volumes, also in monthly parts. It appears that Mr. Gladstone frequently corresponded with Mr. Spurgeon, but it is doubtful whether his letters can be included in the biography, as Mr. Gladstone of late has not allowed the publication of his correspondence as he used to do so freely.



THE DISASTER TO TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS: H.M.S. "THRASHER."

Photo Saunders and Co., Portsmouth.

being an exact portrait of Sir Walter himself, to know that a connection of his—a nephew of John Gibson Lockhart—has been appointed to the office of Commander-in-Chief in India. That is to explain the precise relation of Sir William Lockhart to Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. W. P. Ryan, who formerly used to write excellent literary notes in the *Weekly Sun*, and whose effective satire on the younger writers of the day is very observable on the first page of the *Sun* newspaper, will shortly publish a volume of satirical comment upon his contemporaries, which ought to make very bright reading. C. K. S.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—CAMP SHERANNI, TOCHI VALLEY: HIGHLANDERS MARCHING DOWN A DEFILE

From a Photograph by Captain Wallis, 2nd Field Force.

POOR RELATIONS.

I think it is Mr. Andrew Lang who remarked of a child christened Horatio Nelson that the parents, in bestowing the name, unfairly pledged him to a career of greatness before he was of an age to understand the nature of an obligation. Indeed, it is a depressing thing to be inevitably associated with greatness. But Fate has played the trick in one or two instances, which it may be interesting to point out.

Probably few persons are aware that there are two Robert Burns of literary renown. One was the scape-grace poet who addressed the De'il in terms of familiarity which certain of his exploits justified. The other was a Doctor of Divinity who had a cure of souls at Paisley. This gentleman penned several theological works, including—perhaps in allusion to the frivolities of his namesake—"Sober-mindedness: A Discourse." He had the privilege, never granted to the poet, of gazing on the face of Royalty; for in 1831 he journeyed to London and was admitted to the presence of King William IV. Their conversation—which figures in most histories of that monarch—was mainly about the dullness of Paisley trade, and his Majesty was relieved to hear that there was "no predisposition to riot." Dr. Burns published an account of the interview in a Glasgow paper; and I grieve to say that certain scoffers retorted with a highly improper parody in defective verse.

A more interesting duplication occurred in the case of Goldsmith. That the name of Oliver should have been perpetuated in the family was natural, and even proper; but that the particular Oliver Goldsmith who found himself in Nova Scotia in the beginning of the present century should have chosen to write a poem called "The Rising Village" strikes one as hardly seemly. Oliver II., however, had the best intentions. He avows himself in the title-page "a descendant of the author of 'The Deserted Village'"; and the preface sets forth his amiable ambition "to describe the rise and progress of a young country . . . and the prospects which promise happiness to its future possessors." "It would," he says, in allusion to his famous ancestor, "perhaps have been a subject of astonishment to him could he have known that a grandson of his brother Henry, to whom he dedicated his 'Traveller,' would first draw his breath at no great distance from the spot where

Wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

Perhaps it is as well that the great Oliver did not foresee "The Rising Village," of which let it suffice to say that the hamlet's prosperity must have been great to justify this poem. This is a sample of the junior Oliver's style—

Ah! who can paint her features, as, amazed,
In breathless agony she stood and gazed!
"Oh, Albert, cruel Albert!" she exclaimed.
Albert was all her faltering accents named.
A deadly feeling seized upon her frame,
Her pulse throbb'd quick, her colour went and came,
A darting pain shot through her frenzied head,
And from that fatal hour her reason fled!

Sometimes Oliver Goldsmith forgot his great-uncle, and then he wrote paraphrases of some of the Psalms and New Year and congratulatory addresses not a few. His fame, however, does not seem to have spread beyond Nova Scotia.

There are traces of yet another Oliver Goldsmith, probably of the same family, who also took to writing as a profession. He published in New York in 1845 "Gems of Penmanship," containing various examples of the calligraphic art.

Samuel Johnson is so "probable" a name that one is not surprised to find others besides him of the Dictionary

Let us hope that Samuel Johnson's dancing was better than his piping. Though he is a person of no importance, there is a little passage in another of his prefaces which is curious in its way. "In these days," he says, "lives in London, without encouragement, the famous Mr. Bonincini, whose Musick, for Celestialness of Stile, I am apt to think, will demand remembrance in the Soul after Fire has destroy'd all things in this World." He goes on to mention casually: "Mr. Handel, a very big Man, who writes his Musick in the High-Dutch Taste." A greater than Samuel Johnson has coupled the two names; but where is the music of that Bonincini now? Where the plays of Samuel Johnson, dancing-master, also are.

Samuel Johnson, of Shrewsbury, was also a bard.
Plagiarising Shakspeare—

One Man, uncensured, does a thing
For which a better man shall swing,

he sang, along with other things of which only the mention concerns us. He was a schoolmaster and a contemporary of the real Samuel Johnson.

The rival to the classic fame of John Milton is not serious. I can find only one other scribe of the name, and his subject was bee-keeping. He died about twenty years ago, and his works have followed him.

Carlyle had a namesake—one "Thomas Carlyle, of the Scottish Bar"—whose fancy was for annotating the lives of saints, and who, for his further recreation, wrote theological treatises. One Alexander Pope was an actor of some note a hundred years ago; and another engrossed himself with the history of Orkney, Caithness, and other places which one would not have suspected of having any history at all. A Robert Bruce who never saw Bannockburn translated the Bible into Persian; and there was a Franz Schubert who painted. The John Knoxes were given much to politics and religion. Of four of them, besides the Reformer, one was a fervent Jacobite, one wrote on the condition of the masses (not the Roman Catholic masses), one published much religious counsel for the young, and the fourth promulgated certain proposals for the improvement of Scotland. Our Thomas Hardy wrote "Tess"; our grandfathers' Thomas Hardy was a Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Perhaps I may mention, too, the Joseph Chamberlain, of Leicester, of whom posterity would probably have known nothing had not his widow thought it expedient to publish his "Life and Correspondence." The life was exemplary, for he was a minister of the Gospel; but the correspondence is not nearly so interesting as that of President Kruger. Perhaps the Squire of Malwood could have settled the doubts of the William Vernon Harcourt, Canon of York, who, sixty years ago inquired "What is Truth?" in a poetical dialogue.

When one looks for namesakes of modern poets they come not single spies but in battalions. Mr. William Watson has the most. None of them is so eminent as to imperil his fame; but the Rev. William Watson, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, who in 1840 published "Heaven Taken by Storm," might, if his energies had been turned into another channel, have produced "The Eloping Angels." One of the many John Davidsons whose names have been handed down left "Poetical Remains," though he was a Scottish minister. It is also on record that earlier in the century a Francis Thompson edited a magazine called the *Universal Decorator*. Admirers of the present Mr. Thompson should make a note of the title. R. B.

Mr. Clifford Harrison has auspiciously begun his Autumn Recitals at Steinway Hall. There was the usual distinguished audience, comprised of many well-known people who are seldom present at ordinary entertainments, and Mr. Harrison received an enthusiastic welcome last Saturday afternoon. His programme served to display the remarkable adaptability of the reciter. By turn he was pathetic (as in the splendid rendering of "Zerviah Hope") and anon he was delightfully humorous, convulsing his hearers with Anthony Hope's "Not Practical." Six items on a long and varied programme were recited to music, choicely wedded to the poems they interpreted. Kipling's noble "Recessional" was the conclusion to the afternoon's pleasure.

A CONTRAST IN TRAVEL.

The South-Eastern Railway has certainly "moved" a long way in the matter of car-construction since the days when the Duke of Wellington's private coach was considered quite a luxurious vehicle, fit even for the distinguished Warden of the Cinque Ports on his journeys from London to Walmer. The Duke's coach, as our Illustration shows, was an odd sort of cross between a stage-coach and a cattle-truck. We smile at it now, and with some reason, for the



FIRST-CLASS SALOON OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW VESTIBULE TRAIN.

South-Eastern Railway Company has just placed upon the rails a vestibule train so elegant and luxurious that even ordinary comfortable rolling stock of to-day (not to mention the old Duke's vehicle) is thrown into the shade by comparison. The train consists of eight cars—one first class drawing-room, one first-class buffet, one second-class, three third-class, and two third-class brakes. Each car is fifty feet long, over corner posts, and the train is furnished with American vestibule connections and couplings of the most recent form. The underframing of the cars is of exceptional strength, and is on the latest and most approved method; electric light, electric bells, and a complete hot-water system for heating add to the passenger-comfort. The decorations are chaste and beautiful. The drawing-room saloon, which is placed in one of the first-class cars, is 32 ft. 5½ in. in length. It accommodates eighteen passengers, who may take their ease upon the most delightfully comfortable revolving and fixed chairs; and midway of the saloon are two fixed settees. In the same car is a particularly dainty ladies' saloon, in which all the upholstery is in tapestry, with a cream-coloured ground of embossed flowers, while the facings and sides of the chairs are of crimson plush velvet. On the floor is a rich Axminster carpet, the window-blinds are of old gold brocade silk, falling beneath a festooned valance of pale blue and brocade silk to match the upper panels of the partition. The woodwork is Italian walnut, the style Louis XV.

To avoid the stereotyped has been the object of the designers; accordingly, the other first-class car is treated in the style of Louis XVI. The woodwork here is Spanish mahogany, with beautifully mottled panels of the same wood. In this car are placed a drawing-room saloon and a spacious smoking-saloon, in the former the chairs and settees are upholstered in Gobelin green; in the smoking-saloon a darker tapestry, well covered with flowers, has been employed. Throughout the train the lavatory accommodation is of the finest. In the second-class car richness of design and elegance are again made compatible with the highest degree of comfort. And so, in its degree, of the third-class. The designs are by Mr. Harry S. Wainwright, Carriage and Wagon Superintendent, and were carried out in co-operation with Mr. W. S. Laycock, of Sheffield. The whole train has a magnificent and imposing appearance, and is, indeed, a triumph of vehicular architecture.

Saturday, Oct. 2, was prize-day at St. Thomas's Hospital. On the invitation of the Dean of the Medical School, a large party of guests assembled in the afternoon at the hospital, where the prizes were distributed by Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. The new Bacteriological Laboratory and recently decorated museum were a great source of interest to the visitors.

We may soon expect to find on the hills at our restaurants "Kangaroo tail," thick or clear, as the case may be. Considering the size and power of the kangaroo's caudal appendage, "thick" would seem to be the most appropriate, if not the inevitable form. Be that as it may, the first large shipment, 25 cwt., of tails has just arrived at Leadenhall Market from Sydney. The popular Australian delicacy will, doubtless, soon gain favour here.

The typhoid epidemic at Maidstone shows no sign of abating. Water is scarce, and to aid the sanitary authorities in flushing sewers and drains, water-carts have been sent from Gravesend, Rochester, and Chatham. Pumping engines have also been erected at the river-side. Nurses are in great demand, and classes for the instruction of volunteers have been formed. The town wears a sorrow-stricken appearance.



CARRIAGE USED ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

Now Exhibited at the Crystal Palace.

who have sought to shed lustre on it. We find a certain "Samuel Johnson, dancing master," who published about 1730 several plays, which were duly acted at "the new theatre in the Haymarket." His manner, which is facetious, may be judged from the lines he prefaced to the printed edition of his "Hurlo Thrumbo"—

Ye sons of nonsense, read my "Hurlo Thrumbo,"
Turn it betwixt yo'r finger and your thumb;
And, being quite outdone, be quite struck dumb.

afternoon. His programme served to display the remarkable adaptability of the reciter. By turn he was pathetic (as in the splendid rendering of "Zerviah Hope") and anon he was delightfully humorous, convulsing his hearers with Anthony Hope's "Not Practical." Six items on a long and varied programme were recited to music, choicely wedded to the poems they interpreted. Kipling's noble "Recessional" was the conclusion to the afternoon's pleasure.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



CAMP ISHMAEL KHEL.

From a Photograph by Captain H. B. Watkis, Tochi Field Force.



WITH THE KURRAM VALLEY FIELD FORCE: THE FIELD TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT DOABA.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel Palley, 3rd Gurkha Rifles.



THE SEDILIA



THE RESTORED LADY CHAPEL.



THE MONKS' LAVATORY.



THE CLOISTERS.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL: REOPENING OF THE LADY CHAPEL.

From Photographs by Bolas, Creed Lane, E.C.



THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES.

From Photographs by Captain A. H. Lee, R.A., R.N. College, Kingston, Ontario.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It was only last week that I suggested the writing of a monograph on "Luck in History" by some great historian. In connection with this, I would ask leave to amend a sentence of mine at the beginning of the fourth paragraph, where I spoke of the overthrow of Napoleon. I ought to have said "final overthrow," for Austria had her share in the first invasion of France, which led to the Congress of Vienna. This luck or ill-luck in history appears to extend to sentences and events as well as to persons. These are events which, upon careful examination, are found to have had no existence at all or to have occurred in a manner far differently from what they are described. Yet, notwithstanding authoritative denial, the masses of readers prefer to cling to the fiction rather than adopt the real; and I am almost certain that they are right.

Let us, for instance, take Macaulay's glowing description of Maria Theresa's appearance before the Diet of Presburg after Frederick the Great had so mercilessly, and apparently without provocation, assailed her: "Still more touching was the sight when, a few days later, she came again before the Estates of her realm, and held up before them the little Archduke in her arms. Then it was that the enthusiasm of Hungary broke forth into the war-cry which soon resounded throughout Europe: 'Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!' (Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresia)." Now, it so happened that Maria Theresa had no baby at all in her arms. It has been abundantly proved that the little Archduke Joseph was left behind in Vienna; and that the officially recorded cry was "Vitam nostram et sanguinem consecramus." Capello, the Venetian Ambassador, who was there, gave it from the beginning; von Arneth, the keeper of the Imperial Archives, pointed out the error more than thirty-five years ago; but Macaulay's account will go down to posterity.

That is why I am sorry for Sir William Fraser's attempt at unbecomingly the public with regard to that famous ball on the eve of Waterloo. If I had to select two or three Englishmen with whom to spend a fortnight in a shooting-box, or in a lonely country house, Sir William would decidedly be among the three; I fancy the other two would be Dean Hole and Captain Bingham. If, perchance, we were separated from the rest of the world by a snowdrift, and our provisions failed, each of these would imitate the example of Madame de Maintenon when she was only Madame Scarron, and when the roast ran short at her table—that is, give us a story. But then, I do not mind having my most cherished historical beliefs shaken; other people object. I feel certain that Byron's line, "Within a windowed niche of that high hall, sat Brunswick's fated chieftain," has afforded more pleasure than the most realistic description can afford. People will prefer continuing to think of these brave men and fair women as disporting themselves, on the eve of that "world's event," in a magnificently gilded saloon, to seeing them in a coachbuilder's work-room hired for the occasion. Yet the coachbuilder's work-room in the Rue de la Blanchisserie was the real scene.

The charge of the "Six Hundred" at Balaklava will, Heaven be praised! bear any amount of investigation; not so the *sortie* of Leonidas at Thermopylae. He is supposed to have commanded three hundred men; according to Diodorus, there were seven thousand. Pausanias makes the number into twelve thousand. The Alexandrian Library, said to have been burned by Omar, had ceased to exist two centuries previously. There is not a scrap of paper as big as one's hand in the municipal library at Verona to prove the existence of either Romeo or Juliet, although there is certain evidence of the existence of two rival factions, the Montagues and the Capulets. Nevertheless the Veronese, with an eye to the main chance, and, notably, with a desire to provide attractions for the English tourists, selected a house in the Strada Capello on which they placed an inscription and a marble hat. One has only to look at the dwelling to become convinced at once that this could not have been the princely home of the Capulets. There is not the faintest sign that there was ever a balcony to it, either on the side facing the garden, which has been built over, or on the side facing the street. Juliet's supposed room would be scorned by the humblest maid-of-all-work in a London lodging-house.

As a matter of course, the tourist, disappointed with the fencible alleged to have held Shakspeare's heroine while she lived, turns to her last resting-place. However reticent with regard to the authenticity of the former, the Veronese do not even pretend to deny that the latter is altogether a fraud. It appears that about eighty-five years ago the Veronese, laying out a garden in the grounds of a former convent, came upon a sort of stone trough, more or less shaped like a sarcophagus. No doubt there had been profanation of some sort, for the sarcophagus was empty. The opportunity for making a little bit of money by converting the garden into a show-place was, however, too good to be lost; hence a tablet was placed at the entrance to the ground, with the words "Tomba di Giulietta." The sarcophagus underwent restoration, and the trick was done. In spite of all this, I have seen English maidens, and, for the matter of that, English matrons too, wipe away the furtive tear while standing by the construction. A cynical member of my own sex, who was present, made the remark that Juliet "would be dead anyhow by this time, even if the course of her true love had been allowed to run as smoothly as possible"; which remark was received with deadly silence, and honest indignation. Better so; people do not want to have the poetry of life taken out of them. It is bad enough for students of history and philosophers to be exposed to such ordeals. They get knowledge instead, which is not invariably the case with less well-read mortals.

As for the quasi-historical sentences and anecdotes that have failed to stand the test of research, they are legion; but we cannot begin to enumerate them at the far end of a column. I shall probably refer to them at a future opportunity.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, E. J. SHARPE (Clapton).—We cannot guarantee that all our problems shall be *prize* of the first water.

LACE (Venice).—We shall be greatly obliged if you will submit your problem on a diagram.

W. S. BRANCH.—We have examined your problem, but the idea has been so often expressed that we must decline your embodiment of it.

O. MARCOURT LAROUSSE (Birmingham).—Your problem is correct enough, but the position is too crowded and unsightly. We have to consider the appearance as well as the play of a problem.

PROS NOIR.—Thanks for problem. We will report shortly.

T. LAURENT (Hombly).—The three-move problem has a second solution by 1. R to K 6th, K takes R; 2. Q to Kt sq (ch), etc., and that in two moves admits of mate at once by Kt to B 3rd.

W. H. GRUNDY.—Your earlier problem has a solution by 1. B to Kt 3rd, and another by R to K 4th, while your own solution appears impossible. In the last one, if Black play 1. P to R 6th, 2. B to Q 6th, B to B 6th prevents mate at next move.

REGINALD KELLY.—The problem shall appear shortly.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2781 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2782 from C. A. M. (Penang) and Upendranath Maitha (Chinsurah); of No. 2783 from Upendranath Maitha; of No. 2784 from E. Worthington (Montreal); of No. 2785 from James Clark (Chester) and D. Newton (Lisbon); of No. 2786 from E. Worthington (Chester), Joseph Willcock (Chester), and D. Newton (Chester); of No. 2787 from C. J. Fisher (Eye), P. J. Candy (Croydon), P. G. Gansville, D. Newton (Lisbon), James Clark (Chester), Thomas H. Hewlett, Alpha, J. A. S. Hanbury, J. F. Moon, Thomas Isaac (Malden), John D. Swinton (Hawick), Captain J. A. Chaffee (Great Yarmouth), John Marriott (Northampton), James Hunter (Tufnell Park), and A. Berry (Wrotham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2789 received from W. P. K. (Cleveland), P. J. Candy (Croydon), R. Durell (Woodford), James Hunter (Tufnell Park), C. J. Fisher (Eye), Joseph Willcock (Chester), J. F. Moon, H. Le Deune, T. C. D. (Huddersfield), J. McK (Bromley), J. A. S. Hanbury, Howard, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Carroll (Manduff, Wickford), P. Gansville, H. S. Brander (Venice), G. Rumbach (Berlin), R. Wooters (Canterbury), C. E. Perugini, T. G. (Ware), F. Hooper (Putney), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G. Hawkins (Canterbury), Almondbury, M. Hobhouse, Sorrento, M. Murray (Goldilocks), John D. Swinton, P. P. (Colchester), T. Harty (Colchester), J. P. Wilkin (Rochdale), T. Roberts, F. W. C. (Edinburgh), J. Lake (Lalith), T. de B. Brett (Bletchley), N. Cole, J. Bailey (Newark), John Marriott (Northampton), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), J. Hall, Blunt, J. Meredith (Hoxton), Shadforth, W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), J. D. Barker (Hales), Morris, Miss D. Oregson (Mannenberg), W. R. H. (Clifton), Alpha, F. A. Carter (Malden), L. Desanges, R. H. Brooks, John G. Lord (Castleton), H. D'O. Bernard (Hinton), and Dr. F. S. I.

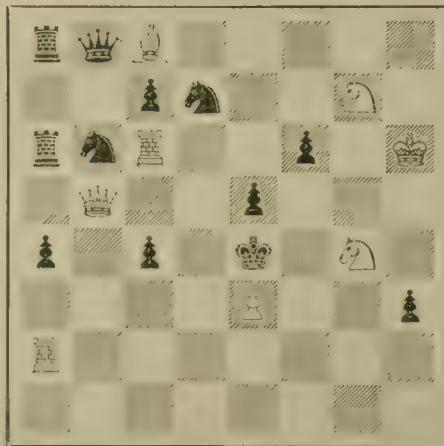
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2788.—By C. DAHL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Kt sq. B takes B
2. R to K Kt sq. Any move
3. R mates.

If Black play 1. B to Q 4th, then 2. R to K Kt sq, etc.

PROBLEM NO. 2791.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Berlin Tournament between MESSRS. BLACKBURNE and MAX.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. M.).
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. P takes Q 4th P to K 5th
4. P to R 3rd K to Kt 3rd
5. Q to K 2nd B to K 4th
A novelty which is not without some good points.
6. Q to Kt 3rd Castles R to K sq
7. P takes P B takes K
8. Kt to B 3rd Kt takes K P
A very risky answer to Black's resourcefulness, at any rate until the King is moved to K sq. There is nothing in the attack that follows.
9. Kt takes Kt R to B 4th
10. Kt to K 5th B takes Kt
11. Q takes R P to K R 3rd
12. P to Q 6th
A very fine move, threatening to win the Bishop by R to B 4th (ch), and the reply is not at once obvious.
13. Q to K 5th
14. K to K 2nd
15. Kt takes B
16. Kt to K 2nd
17. Q to K 3rd
18. Q to K 2nd
19. P to K 4th
20. P to K 4th
21. P to K 4th
22. P to K 4th
23. P to K 4th
24. P to K 4th
25. P to K 4th
26. P to K 4th
27. P to K 4th
28. P to K 4th
29. P to K 4th
30. P to K 4th
31. P to K 4th
32. P to K 4th
33. P to K 4th
34. P to K 4th
35. P to K 4th
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92. P to K 4th
93. P to K 4th
94. P to K 4th
95. P to K 4th
96. P to K 4th
97. P to K 4th
98. P to K 4th
99. P to K 4th
100. P to K 4th

Another game in the same tournament, between MESSRS. ZINKE and WALBRÖTT.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Z.) BLACK (Mr. W.).
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q 4th Kt to K 3rd
4. P to K 5th Kt to K 2nd
5. P to K 5th P to Q 4th
6. P takes P B takes P
7. Q to Kt 4th P to K Kt 3rd
Black can safely Castle here instead.
8. Kt to K 3rd Kt to K 3rd
9. B to Q 3rd B to Q 3rd
10. P to R 4th P to K 4th
11. Q to R 3rd Kt to Q Kt 5th
12. P to K Kt 4th Kt takes B (ch)
13. P takes Kt B to K 5th
14. K to K 2nd R takes B
15. K R takes B Q takes P (ch)
16. Kt to Q 2nd P to Kt 5th
17. Q to Kt 3rd P to Q R 3rd
18. Q to K 2nd Q to K 2nd
19. P to Kt 5th Castles
20. P to Q 4th P to Kt 4th
21. P to B 5th
The attack is finely conducted. If K P takes P, then Kt takes P, or if K P takes P, P to Kt 5th follows.
22. P to B 5th Kt to Kt 3rd
23. P to B 5th Q to R 2nd

Owing to the keen and exciting struggle for the first honours of the Berlin Tournament between Messrs. Charousek, Walbrott, Blackburne, and Janowski, the final result cannot be given here, but will be found in another column, the players being placed probably in the order we have named them. Our comments are, in consequence, reserved for next week.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The subject of life in the mountains has been suggested anew by the publication of a most interesting work, entitled "La Cure d'Altitude," by Dr. Paul Regnard, wherein he discusses the conditions under which not only normal existence, but diseased vitality, is affected by residence amid the hills. This work, of which it is to be hoped an English translation will appear, contains much that is interesting to the general reader, while it appeals specially, of course, to medical men interested in the effects of high altitudes on the lungs and their ailments. Among the noteworthy facts to which Dr. Regnard alludes is one that possesses a deep significance where the cure of disease is involved. The blood and its quality appear to be specially affected by a mountain life. Thus we know that an additional amount of oxygen is found in the blood of those who live in the hills. The blood also is richer in colouring matter or hemoglobin (which is a combination of iron with protoplasm), and it is this additional quantity of colouring material which promotes in the blood an additional power of absorbing oxygen. There is another interesting feature observed in the blood of those who dwell at high altitudes, to the effect that their red blood corpuscles become greatly increased in numbers. This fact ought probably to be considered along with the former observation regarding the greater amount of hemoglobin or blood-colouring matter; for it is in the red corpuscles of the blood that the hemoglobin is found.

The red corpuscles are the gas-carriers of the blood—that is to say, they represent the means whereby the oxygen breathed into the blood from the air is conveyed to all parts of the frame, and whereby the carbonic acid gas (representing part of our bodily waste) is carried to the lungs, thence to be excreted. If, therefore, life in the hills serves to increase and intensify the special features of the blood which enable it to discharge its duties in the work of nutrition and in that of excretion as well, we can readily conceive how the body at large will benefit through the enlarged activity thus represented. The vital processes will be stimulated and expedited, and the whole frame in a measure toned up. That mountain residence is actually associated as a distinct cause with the increase in the red corpuscles of the blood is proved by the observation that when the subjects of the investigation descend to the plains, the number of their corpuscles undergoes a corresponding decrease. The greater rarity of the air in elevated places must also exert an effect on the body such as is of great importance in illness, and especially in cases of lung-troubles. The demand for the requisite amount of oxygen is met by the increase in the blood-corpuscles, and the protective influence of the white cells of the blood in their fight against the bacillus of consumption is brought into bolder relief. The body, in other words, becomes less suited as a soil for the growth of the microbes, and they are in a manner starved out of existence. Thus the effects of mountain life are directly to be attributed to the action of the air and surroundings primarily on the blood, the body being influenced through its vital fluid. The story of mountain air reveals to us anew the high importance of these elements in the blood which specially deal with the oxygen gas that forms so essential a part of our food, and whose presence is a paramount condition of vitality with life all round.

Various letters have reached me in connection with my suggestion that a British sanatorium (for the working classes) should be established at Davos-Platz for the climatic cure of selected cases of consumption. The information my correspondents seek regarding Davos at present will be cheerfully afforded, I am sure, either by Mr. H. J. Whittle, who presides at the office of the *Davos Courier*, or by Mr. F. Pestalozzi, Hôtel Victoria, Davos-Platz. I need not say that the responsibility of sending any case to Davos must rest with the medical attendant at home, but that Davos is one of the best, if not the best, resort for consumptives in winter, is attested by the growing number of patients who year by year arrive within its gates. My ideal sanatorium would be for the poor and those in straitened circumstances. Davos teems with well-appointed hotels, wherein the well-to-do may enjoy all the comforts of home.

The epidemic of typhoid fever which, as I write, is devastating Maidstone, presents another lesson to us of the terrible consequences which follow the pollution of a water-supply. With an enormous record of like cases before us, one sometimes despairs of the progress of that health-knowledge which teaches that "Prevention is better than cure." When shall we learn, as a nation, that whenever a water-supply is polluted by even one case of typhoid fever, it may become the medium whereby thousands are infected? The germs of typhoid fever breed and multiply in the water; and of those who drink the infected supply, few escape. Typhoid is not a typically infectious disease, like scarlet fever or smallpox—that is to say, it is not usually propagated from patient to patient by contact or association. On the other hand, we see how it readily assumes an epidemic form, in that what gives it to one person gives it to all—namely, a water-supply polluted and infected by one case or by a few cases.

The "sense of direction," or that faculty whereby certain animals are enabled to exhibit remarkable "homing" tendencies, of late days has been attracting renewed attention. Not only in the case of pigeons, but in the cases of cats and dogs, do we find illustrations of the faculty whereby the original habitat is discovered after long journeys, from a quarter and by routes to which they were utter strangers. We require many more authenticated records than are at hand before the era of legitimate speculation regarding the "homing" faculty can be reached. Meanwhile, well-attested cases of animals finding their way from strange localities to their homes should be placed on record, and all the circumstances of the journey from home, times of departure and arrival, should be duly noted. From a well selected series of cases may be alone obtained the materials for a highly interesting speculation regarding the nature of the "sense of direction."

THE MILLAR LOOM.

When one reflects that the weaving loom was used by the Egyptians some four thousand years ago, if not even earlier (although it is somewhat surprising that it only reached London from Holland little over two hundred years since), it seems difficult to believe that there can be much room left for improvement in it. Yet we have been assured on all sides, even by those who have most to do with weaving, that it is, after all, but a clumsy machine.

The fact is that, when the power-loom was invented in 1785, the new machine adopted precisely the same principles as those comprised by the hand-loom which it was to supersede, and successive inventors, great as have been the strides made by them, do not appear to have been able to get away from the use of the shuttle, with all its waste of power and other disadvantages.

The modern knitting-machine makes a fabric without the use of a shuttle; but, as everyone knows, a coat made on a knitting-machine would be more acceptable under the guise of a "sweater," and would be hardly suitable for park use.

When, therefore, we were told that a new machine had been brought over from America—that prolific land of invention—that it made a fabric exceeding in firmness and wearing capacity anything hitherto produced on the ordinary power-loom, at a speed eight times as great, and with an enormous saving in cost of labour and power, small blame to us that we should express scepticism.

America has produced some really wonderful machinery, but it has also supplied us with many so-called inventions the advantages of which have proved of a very ephemeral character; but we were induced to sink our cynicism and go and see the latest importation.

In the labyrinthian vicinity of Hatton Garden we were introduced to the Millar Loom, which is now on exhibition in a well-lighted and compact little show-room just suited for its purpose.

Mr. Millar courteously explained the more important parts of the loom. Like most other practical and useful

inventions, it is at bottom very simple, its principles easy to grasp, and its advantages patent to the most uneducated eye; and an hour's examination sent us away fully satisfied that here at last was a new loom despising the stereotyped movements of the old pattern and making a stride towards perfection in the textile industry which can only be classed with the introduction of the power-loom in 1785 and of the Jacquard in 1801. As important a future seems

should! In the present-day weaving-shed speaking is quite superfluous, for all are deaf to everything but the all-powerful shuttle.

For over fifteen years have Mr. Millar and those associated with him worked at this machine, and gradually the present masterpiece of mechanism has been evolved from what was originally—so we are told—rather a fluky discovery of a practical system of introducing a weft, or stiffening thread, into the ordinary stockingette machine.

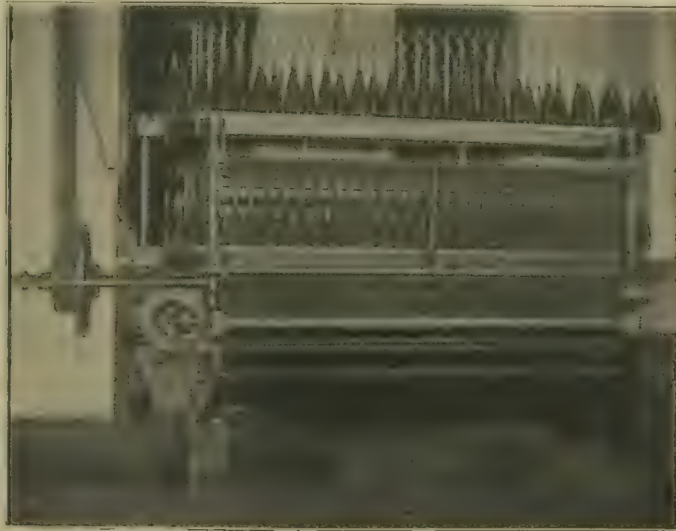
The great speed at which the cloth is made can be checked by anyone who cares to time it for himself, and the finished products on show are more than sufficient to guarantee a sweeping revolution in the weaving trade.

In these days saving of labour is a prime factor in the success of any industry, and here is a loom making two hundred yards of worsted coatings in a day of ten hours, as compared with fifteen to twenty-five yards on the old power-loom, with only the same attendance and with steam-power only one-twentieth of that necessitated in weaving broadcloth coatings in the old loom. What more need be said in its favour?

Every description of work seems alike to it, and we saw a variety of samples of woollen and worsted cloth, dress goods, chevots, beavers, etc., which had been made on the one machine. It was also demonstrated that it was adaptable for the manufacture of flannels, blankets, sail-cloth, tarpaulins, awning-strips, canvas, carpets, burlaps, etc.

Unlike the old loom, which has a short if noisy life, the wear and tear of the Millar Loom is reduced to a minimum.

A large number of practical weavers have examined it, and all speak most highly of it; and the company which we are given to understand, will shortly be floated to manufacture and work the loom here and abroad, and which, it is said, will be controlled by a wealthy and influential directorate, cannot fail to have a most successful future before it; and if appearances do not greatly belie facts, Mr. Millar's name bids fair to have a celebrity of a world-reaching character as the inventor of a financial success far exceeding even that of the Linotype Company. To look at the machine is to believe in it.

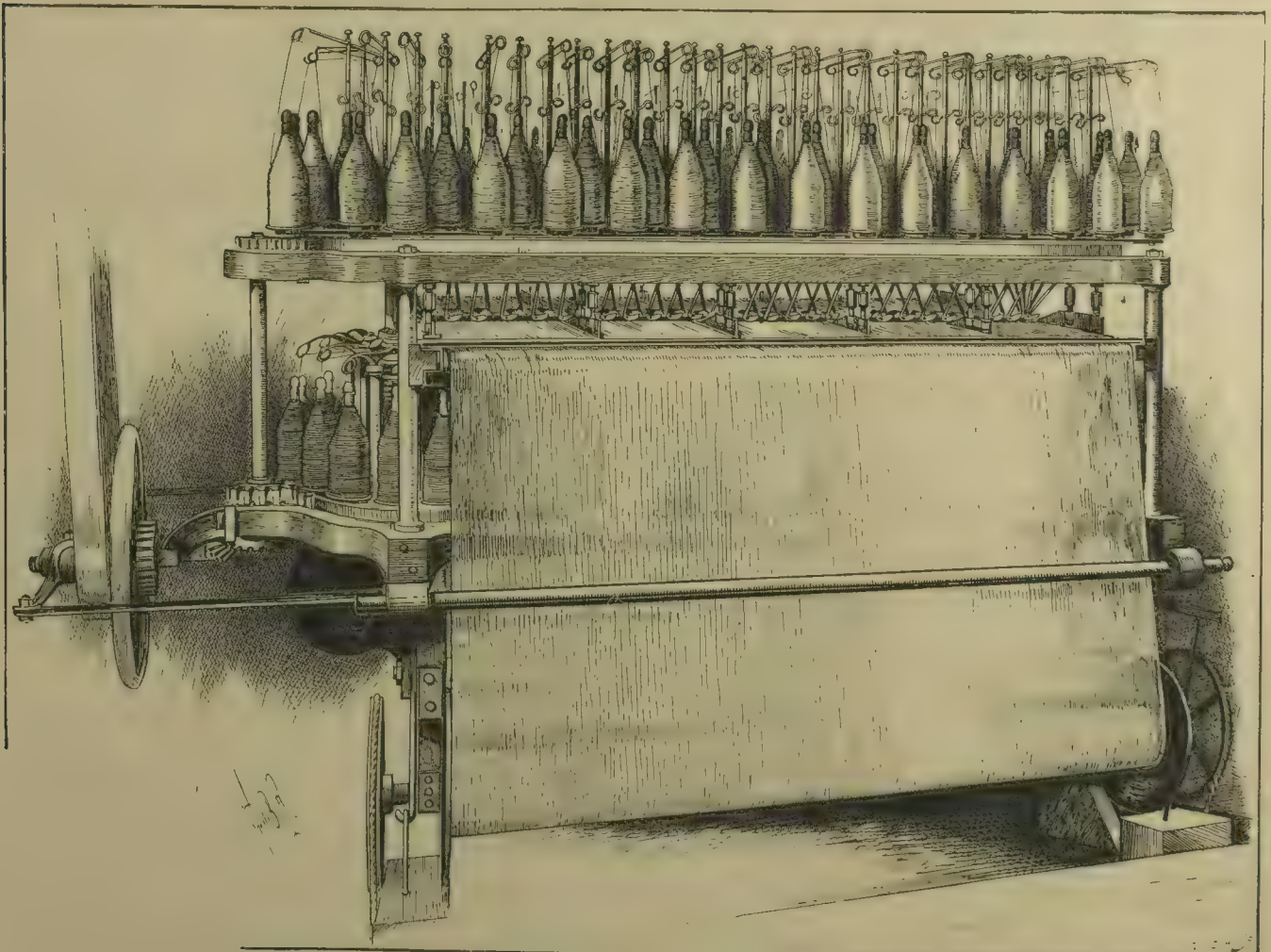


THE MILLAR LOOM.

open to the Millar Loom as ever pleased an inventor's imagination.

The loom, set in motion, goes about its work without noise, and the fabric seems to spring into being like magic—let it be remembered that its pace means a yard in every three minutes!—the deafening clatter of the shuttle and shuttle-box is entirely done away with, and if no one else hails the new loom with welcome, surely the operative

work the loom here and abroad, and which, it is said, will be controlled by a wealthy and influential directorate, cannot fail to have a most successful future before it; and if appearances do not greatly belie facts, Mr. Millar's name bids fair to have a celebrity of a world-reaching character as the inventor of a financial success far exceeding even that of the Linotype Company. To look at the machine is to believe in it.



THE MILLAR LOOM: SHOWING WEFT CARRIERS.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS

Much criticism, adverse and laudatory, took me to the Duke of York's Theatre to see Mrs. Brown Potter's dresses, and though I could have wished that her black velvet gown had been considerably higher at the back, and shown a greater inclination to attach itself to her shoulders in the front, I cannot but chronicle it as one of the best evening dresses I have ever met. The skirt is perfectly plain, made of velvet—such velvet!—fastening down one side from waist to hem with ornamental buttons worked in diamonds. The bodice shows a drapery of some fine diaphanous stuff, I could not exactly see what, studded with diamonds, with



A WALKING COSTUME.

pendant ends falling on the one side, while the sleeves glitter from shoulder to waist with diamonds. At one side of the *décolletage* Mrs. Potter wears a bunch of violets, another bunch appearing in her hair. Her hair is most beautifully done, too, parted at one side, rolled outwards from the nape of the neck. It has three diamond combs in it, these of the shape of the child's round comb. I must recommend the pattern to the notice of the Parisian Diamond Company. They form most decorative ornaments for hair, and that large bunch of violets over one ear is a triumph. Since the decorated head is the order of the day, many women will, no doubt, copy this—I only hope with as much success as Mrs. Brown Potter achieves. A lovely tea-gown worn by her is of the softest white silken stuff, over a front of white lisse and *écru* lace, with puffs on the sleeves, and scarves at the waist of pale mauve chiffon. Her skating costume is of bright violet velvet, with the skirt showing groups of gatherings at eight-inch intervals from waist to hem, where it is trimmed with a deep flounce of sable; there is a steel belt round the waist, and the costume is completed with a little shoulder-cape edged with sable and just tied loosely at the bust to show a front of ivory guipure; on the top of the little toque is a bunch of violets, while the hem is sable. It is not a costume in which I should personally like to skate, but it is very beautiful. I hear the costumes were made by Worth, so it is little wonder they have charms. And while talking of the theatre, it seems to me an appropriate moment for describing that cloak sketched, which shows a fashionable combination of lace and fur and jet, and is made of velveteen in a smoke-grey tone, while the fur is smoked fox, the lace of the palest yellow tone, the embroidery of jet and gold, and the lining of ivory-white. It hangs at the back loosely from the shoulders, and is certainly worthy of being termed a beautiful wrap. The other picture displays a walking costume, strapped with dark braids encircling designs of cloth traced with a fine cord. The front is of ermine, completed at the neck with a flat bow of lace, and for colder weather it would look well if the flat bow were also made of the ermine, and there are many such to be seen in the market, lined with satin, with the ends fringed with little ermine tails; they are exceedingly pretty and most becoming.

The tentative efforts towards the popularising of ermine, which I noticed first last year, were certainly successful. We have found out what to do with ermine and what not to do with it. We do not wear whole jackets of it, nor do we adopt with much enthusiasm muffs or toques made of it, but we use it for linings, permit it to face a collar or revers, to hem a muff, or to make the crown of a toque. It is an ideal lining for evening wear; but, of course, not cheap. There are clever imitations about (torn from the back of the white cat, I think), with little black tails

sewn in, but these are not clever enough to deceive the connoisseur; only the amateur. I do not find, on seriously investigating the matter, that chinchilla is as much in favour as it was last year; ermine and sable are used most enthusiastically for trimmings, while the fur for entire garments continues to be either broad-tail or sealskin.

For evening dresses I have seen nothing attractive but those which are made of black net and traced with jet, and of these I have made previous mention. The economical would do well to cover their last year's black satin frocks with such like materials, which, on reflection, I find will not be very cheap if chosen of the best quality. Have I mentioned, I wonder, the new skirt? It is very new, and to the tall woman would be very becoming. It has only two seams, one on each hip; it is cut in double-width material on the cross, so that while it fits tightly at the top, it sets in folds round the feet. For evening wear it is very graceful; but of course the difficulty is to secure suitable stuff for the evening of double width; unless, of course, we have net or lace. But for walking wear it has its disadvantages; however, there are a few among us who do not walk save from a carriage to a shop, and by these, no doubt, this skirt will be much appreciated for its grace.

The most popular form of sleeve continues to be that which fits tightly to the wrist from a small fullness at the top, contrived by three or four pleats set roundwards. The perfectly tight plain sleeve is only to be seen in lace, and then the essential width to the shoulders is contrived by a large collar of lace or a fichu edged with lace. Chiffon appears to be as much in favour as ever, but it is chiffon tucked and shirred and gathered with infinite labour.

A useful possession is a high bodice of white chiffon thus treated and trimmed with pale yellow lace. It will allow itself to be worn with elegance with a white skirt or a skirt of black and white stripe or a lace skirt, which reminds me I saw a very attractive lace skirt the other day of an ivory tone, of really good quality; this was mounted over a sun-kilted skirt of pale blue glacé. The lace skirts are no novelty, but they are very attractive; and a perfectly charming tea-gown which has come my way this week was covered with lace at the back from the shoulders to the hem, this lace being brought under the arms to fall away and show a front of pale pink brocade which was held in at the waist by a belt of white ribbon embroidered with corals and buckled with diamonds. At the neck and round the shoulders were collars of gauged pink chiffon and white lace; a garment *de luxe*!

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

On the last evening of September a large group of musicians and connoisseurs had the privilege of welcoming at the beautiful Salle Erard in Great Marlborough Street, a man whose name has long been a household word with students of the art of music. Theodor Leschetizky, for twenty-seven years Professor at the Conservatorium of Petersburg, subsequently private teacher at Vienna, and master of Madame Essipoff and Paderewski—to say nothing of minor stars—was paying a visit to London, and naturally Mr. Daniel Mayer invited all the musical world to meet the distinguished Professor, whose influence on the technique of piano-playing has been immense, though unsuspected by the general public. It is not the first visit to London of the Polish Professor, for he appeared in the Metropolitan in 1864 at the Musical Union Concerts, playing in the Schumann quintet, and some of his own graceful compositions. Despite the period of the year, the guests assembled gave some confirmation of De Quincey's phrase in the famous essay on "Style": "There is, however, accumulated in London more musical science than in any capital of the world." During the early part of the evening

the Professor, who has command of four languages, was engaged in conversation with those who were introduced to him, when he was not listening to the singing of the Welsh Ladies' Choir and some pianoforte-playing. However, after midnight had gone by, a young lady, catching the desire of the whole *salle*, begged the Professor to play, and though he made many excuses, carried him off in triumph to the piano, on which he delighted the audience by playing with great delicacy, surprising power, and in perfect style. It may be doubted whether in all his long career the Professor has ever performed upon or ever seen such a beautiful instrument as the Erard Boudoir Grand, upon which he played with obvious pleasure. The case, gracefully designed in Louis Seize style, has an enamel of charming tender sea-green tone, setting off exquisitely the finely designed, richly gilded moulding in dead gold. Inside the case are dainty paintings in the style of the period. Perhaps, after all, the Professor paid more attention to the tone of the instrument, which really deserves its splendid case.

A prize was lately offered by a newspaper for the prettiest selection of Christian names for girls, either new and invented for the occasion, or old and disused. The list



LOUIS XVI. ERARD-BOUDOIR GRAND.

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can be conveniently pre-
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Pure
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Is the finest article of the kind, and will prove
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200 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

HOW THE LAMENESS WAS CURED

TRADE MARK.

"AN
EXCELLENT"
GOOD THING.

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Prevention.

In writing advertisements dealing with Consumption for almost every country of the globe, it always seems to me most natural to emphasise PREVENTION. I study the medical journals, read books by leading scientists, watch constantly for the word cure, but do not find it. Everything is PREVENTION. And why?

Because in the last stages of this terrible disease there is no cure, and probably never will be. But science keeps sounding loudly the warning note and crying PREVENTION! for THERE IS PREVENTION.

Consumption does not develope if the body has ample resistive force. And in this work of prevention science has never found a substitute for cod-liver oil, any more than it has a substitute for opium or quinine in other conditions. If you are in an exhausted, wasted condition, cod-liver oil should by all means be a part of your food. If your little six weeks old baby or ten years old child is in this condition, the same treatment should prevail. But don't take the plain oil, for it is an unnecessary tax upon the system.

By rendering cod-liver oil almost, if not quite, ready for absorption, Scott's Emulsion saves the system hours of work which most weak systems are entirely unequal to

It is just as important that you take Scott's Emulsion as it is that you take cod-liver oil at all, because your system may not be able to make an emulsion, in which case you would not derive the benefits needed. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable, and is absorbed and assimilated when plain oil is not.

Taking Scott's Emulsion is PREVENTION. And the sooner you begin the better.

SCOTT & BOWNE (LTD.), LONDON, E.C.

ALL CHEMISTS.



supplied was not very enticing. Perhaps the most successful ideas were for the application to girls of the names of more flowers than are now in general use. There is no reason why the rose, lily, and violet should monopolise the name-giving office. Clematis, Laurestine, and Eglantine are suggested. Pansy is already popular in America. Peas-blossom is a perfect name for the fairy to whom Shakespeare gave it, but would not be pretty for a girl after babyhood. I may suggest, as a good hunting-ground for uncommon Christian names, a copy of "Debre's Names," for there is a whiff for singular names in "upper circles." Lady Aberdeen's name, "Isabel," is invariably misprinted "Isbel," and has to be corrected on proof. Lady "Aline," one of the daughters of Lord Dunraven, generally comes from the printer as "Alice." Lady Breadalbane's name is "Alma," a pretty and feminine-sounding cognomen, but one that dates its owner too closely. "Idina" is the name of one of the daughters of Lord Abergavenny. Among the original names that a very few moments' turning over of "Debre's" has disclosed are Aglaia, Amicie, Alberica, Florinda, Florina, Montagu, Ninfa, Josette, Arlington, Melesina, Leopoldina, Albina, Lorina, and Marcia; while many old names rarely heard are found in the same list of titled ladies, such as Lavinia, Cornelia, Ernestine, Annabel, Joanna, Veronice, Camilla, Juliana, Adelaide, Araminta, Honoria, and scores of others of the same description.

Women medical students are steadily increasing in numbers. At the opening of the new session of the London School of Medicine for Women, it was announced that 170 students have entered for the winter course.

Really it is time that we struck for women on the bench, or, at any rate, in jury boxes! Here is a most extraordinary decision—such as no woman would give—delivered by a London County Court Judge between mistress and maid. A cook not only went out for the evening without her mistress's permission, but actually stayed out all night, coming home with the milk in the morning. Her mistress dismissed her on the spot. The girl sued for £1 7s. 6d. in lieu of notice, and has actually obtained judgment for the amount, and costs. This is not only a reversal of what the law has always been held to be, but it will work havoc in the discipline of the household. If our female servants are at liberty to stop out all night whenever they feel so disposed, what are our homes becoming? It would be well if the lady concerned in this case were to appeal, as the right that this decision would seem to establish for a domestic servant to leave her employment when and for any time that she pleases is a really serious matter.

Some comment is being aroused by the refusal of the Local Government Board, of which Mr. Chaplin is the head, to allow the Oswestry Board of Guardians to appoint a woman as relieving officer. Mrs. Price, the Guardians' nominee, is the widow of the late relieving officer, and performed his duties for six months during his illness so satisfactorily that the Guardians consider her the most

suitable person to replace him. Mr. Chaplin objects that a woman would not be competent to remove lunatics; but Mrs. Price, on her defence, points out that a male relieving officer is always allowed the aid of a policeman in this duty, and says that she has in fact, with that aid, moved some twenty cases to the asylum. On the other hand, she cites cases, such as those of destitute and bedridden women, whom she has had to dress or wrap in blankets for removal to the infirmary, and maintains that a man is not fittingly appointed to such work. The Guardians have re-elected her, and it remains to be seen if Mr. Chaplin will be obdurate.

Dr. Goodfellow, at the Bakers' Exhibition, delivered an address on the subject of the value of bread as a food. He is a public analyst, and the author of recognised works on hygiene. His conclusion was that bread constituted the most perfect form of food available, though not by itself absolutely perfect, any more than is any other form of diet. But it was, he claimed, at once the most digestible, and, weight for weight, the most nourishing form of food that could be taken. It was time for somebody to stand up for "the staff of life," for it has been hotly assailed in various quarters. The anti-fat doctors cut their patients off bread altogether, substituting some deceptive sort of bran or almond-meal biscuits that are found, on being broken open, to be hollow and full of emptiness. Diabetic patients, too, are always refused bread; and of late a school has arisen which maintains that even to the healthy and normal constitution any starchy food is injurious, and that bread is the main cause of premature stiffening of the tendons and failure of digestion, and should not be eaten at all. The most illustrious adherent of this "anti-starch" party has had to boast was the late Sir Isaac Holden, who died at past ninety, and who almost ignored bread, while he ate meat, fruit, and oatmeal, drank a little spirits, and smoked a good deal. Dr. Goodfellow, however, points out that, physiologically, man is fitted to transform the starch of bread into a useful form, and that this, one of the cheapest, is also one of the most useful and digestible sorts of food.

Immediately after the Bakers' Exhibition the Agricultural Hall was occupied by a Grocers' Exhibition, at which most of the familiar household articles were shown. One of the most attractive stalls was provided by Bird's Custard Powder, the pictures that the firm have bought to use as advertisements adding a novel feature to the display of custards, blancmanges, creams, and a variety of attractive and dainty sweet dishes, all made out of Messrs. Bird's specialties.

The Diplôme d'Honneur, which is one grade higher than the gold medal, has been awarded to "Vinolia" Soap for toilet purposes at the International Exhibition at Brussels. It will be recollected that it was to "Vinolia" Soap that the Sanitary Institute awarded their medal, which is probably the highest scientific award in the world ever given to soaps.

F. F.-M.

WILLS AND REQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1890), with a codicil (dated March 19, 1896), of Mr. John Dearman Birchall, J.P., of Bowden Hall, near Gloucester, and of the Junior Carlton Club, who died on June 11 last, has been proved by Edward Birchall, the brother, Robert Benson Jowitt, Theodore Crowdon, and John Dearman Birchall, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £172,515. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Gloucester General Infirmary; £200 each to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol's Church and School Fund, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Church of England Temperance Society; £100 to the Gloucester District Nursing Society; £300 each to his executors—£50 per annum to Eliza Eveleigh for life; an annuity of £20 to Anne Smith; £100 each to his brother Edward Birchall, his sisters, Eliza Birchall and Anna Sophia Atkinson, and his sister-in-law, Florence Baines; £100 each to his nephews and nieces; his deceased wife's jewellery to his daughters Violet Emily and Constance; and £8000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Clara Sophia Sinclair, for life, and then as she shall by will appoint, and he makes no further provision for her, as she is already well provided for. He gives and devises Bowden Hall, with the lands and premises held therewith, and the furniture, plate, pictures, and contents thereof, to his son John. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to fourteen twentieths to his eldest son, two twentieths each to his other sons, and one twentieth each to his daughters (except his daughter Mrs. Sinclair).

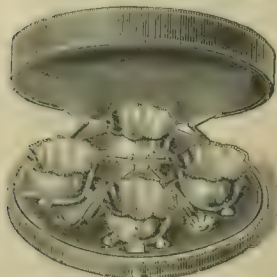
The will (dated Feb. 25, 1892), with a codicil (dated June 3, 1893), of her Royal Highness Doña Maria Louisa Fernanda de Borbon y Borbon, Dowager Duchess de Montpensier, Infanta of Spain, of Seville, Spain, widow, who died on Feb. 1, was proved in London on Sept. 28 by Señor Don Miguel Velarde y Menendez, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England being £65,023. The testatrix bequeaths 3000 pesetas to H.H. the Pope, with a request that he will say one Mass for the eternal repose of her soul; 125,000 pesetas for the poor benevolent institutions and convents of Seville; and her executors are to set apart enough money in the Government funds to endow three scholarships. There are also many specific bequests to members of the royal families of France and Spain, and legacies to servants and others. One third of the whole of her property she gives to her grandson, Don Louis Fernando d'Orleans y Borbon; and she appoints her daughter, the Comtesse de Paris, and her son, Don Antonio d'Orleans y Borbon, her universal heirs.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1896) of Mr. Howard Laurence, of Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, who died on July 26, has been proved by Percy Edward Laurence and Reginald Laurence, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate being £61,701. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Surgical Aid Society; £500 to such institution for the treatment of deafness as his executors shall select; £500 to his cousin, Charles Edward Laurence;

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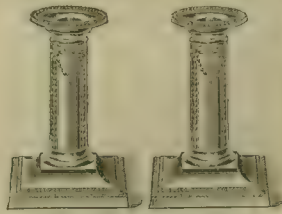
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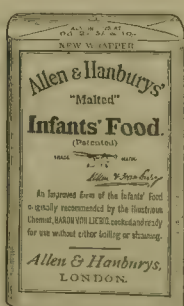
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"INFANTS fed on this Food ARE NEITHER FRETFUL nor WAKEFUL."

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"Very digestible, nutritious, and palatable."—*British Medical Journal*.

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For INFANTS, INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS, and the AGED.

£300 to Alfred Henry Bingham; £1000 to his partner, Charles Lane Davitt; £1000 each to his nephews and nieces; and bequeaths to his clerk, servant, and crew of his yacht. He gives to his yacht the *Lady Bingham*, with her contents, stores, and equipment, to his brother Reginald. The residue of his property he leaves between his brothers and sisters as tenants in common.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1884) of Mr. George Kenyon, of 68, South Audley Street, Mayfair, and formerly of Oak Woodhouse, Huddersfield, who died on Aug. 22, was proved on Sept. 20 by James William Kenyon, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £30,134. The testator gives £3500 each to his sisters Mrs. Emily Sykes, Frances Margaret Kenyon, and Kate Kenyon. Subject thereto he leaves all his real and personal estate to his brother.

The will (dated April 3, 1895) of Major-General Charles Alexander Sim, R.E., of Princes House, Palace Street, Westminster, a well-known member of the London School Board, who died on July 30, was proved on Sept. 25 by Mrs. Adelaide Catharine Gordon Sim, the widow, and Frederick William Sim, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £21,368. The testator bequeaths £200 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, and £100 to his brother Frederick William Sim. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between his

brothers Edward Coyegarno Sim and Frederick William Sim and his sister Louisa Elizabeth Rennie Cockerell, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 25, 1884, of General Sir William Pollexton Radcliffe, K.C.B., Colonel of the Lancashire Fusiliers, of Mortimer House, Barks, who died on March 23, has been proved by Dame Isabel Thise Radcliffe, the widow, and Walter John Deacon Radcliffe, the nephew, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,539. The testator gives £300 and his furniture, pictures, plate, carriages, and horses to his wife; £50 to his nephew, Walter John Deacon Radcliffe; and £20 each to his sisters, Sarah Archer and Emma Parby. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and at her decease or remarriage to his children.

The will and three codicils of General Henry Beville, C.B., of Burfield, Sydenham, and formerly of Burfield Hall, Wymondham, Norfolk, who died on June 12, were proved on Sept. 25 by Captain Charles Francis Beville, the son, and John Guscotte, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6145.

The will (dated July 3, 1896) of Mrs. Eliza Jane Bass, widow, of Rangemore, Stafford, who died on Aug. 7, was proved on Sept. 16 by Baron Burton, the son, and Sir William Chichele Plowden, K.C.S.I., the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5406. The testatrix appoints

the funds of her marriage settlement to her son Lord Barton; and gives £1000 to her nephew Alfred Arden, £500 to her nephew Hamer Arden, and £200 to her nephew Franklin Arden. All the remainder of her property she leaves to her sister-in-law Margaret Arden.

The will of Mr. Robert Matts, of 4, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on June 27, has been proved by James Matts, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £6748.

The will of Colonel Charles George Slade, of 9, Duke Street, Portland Place, second son of the late Sir F. W. Slade, Bart., Q.C., who died on Sept. 6, was proved on Sept. 24 by Alfred John Davies and Major-General William Alfred Deedes, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £1605.

Bold, indeed, and ill-advised as well, would be a new Lord Mayor of London if he were to propose any change in the responsible post of Private Secretary at the Mansion House, and it was, therefore, a foregone conclusion that Mr. W. J. Soulsby, who has filled that office throughout the past twenty-two mayoralties, would be reappointed by the Lord Mayor-elect, Colonel Davies, M.P. The new Lord Mayor's Chaplain will be the Right Rev. Alfred Earle, Bishop of Marlborough and Rector of St. Dunstons, Bishopsgate.

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Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, "Book on Gout"—"It is the Laurent-Perrier 'Sans-Sucre' Champagne that I recommend as a suitable beverage for the gouty."

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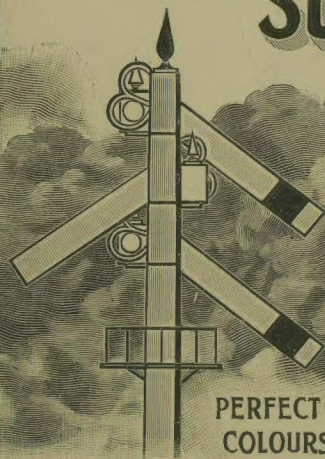
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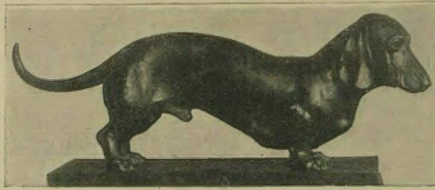
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RESTORATION OF CLONFERT CATHEDRAL.

A writer in the *Church Times* some years ago, when visiting the smaller cathedrals in Ireland, said he was most anxious to see Clonfert Cathedral, but could not get information about the route, so was compelled to give up the idea of seeing the place. Clonfert, however, can now be reached from Banagher Station, on the Great Southern and Western Railway, by half-an-hour's drive on an Irish jaunting-car. Banagher is about three hours' journey by train from Dublin. Clonfert Cathedral is well worth seeing. It was founded as far back as the year 558 (thirty-nine years before St. Augustine landed in England). The doorway, a fine specimen of Hiberno-Romanesque architecture, dates from the year 1166. The east window is nearly a thousand years old. There is a sacristy at the north side of the chancel, with hurdle roofing. It is considered a very ancient building. When St. Brendan came to Clonfert, in the sixth century, he said: "This shall be my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." When he was dying at Annaghdown, one of his last requests was: "Bury me in my dear city of Clonfert." His wish was complied with. He was buried in the place of honour in the chancel of the



The celebrated dog, the Dachshund Champion Wisecore, the property of Mr. Sidney Woodliffe, who is shortly giving up his kennel, has been accurately modelled by Mr. Percy Taylor, and we give an illustration of a very beautiful replica of the same in bronze, which has been completed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street, London, W. Wisecore has carried all before him in his class since 1894, and during 1897 won first prizes at Cruft's, Leicester, and Aquarium shows.

cathedral. St. Brendan, the founder of Clonfert, in the year 558, is credited with having landed in America in the sixth century, thus anticipating Columbus by over nine hundred years. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, before Trinity

College, Dublin, was founded, it was proposed to found the University in Clonfert. In the year 1175, when Roderic O'Connor, King of Ireland, carried on his negotiations with Henry II. of England, the Abbot of Clonfert was one of the ambassadors sent by him to Windsor. Clonfert was celebrated as a seat of learning. At one time there were as many as three thousand students there. The Cathedral at present is used as the parish church. It is very small, but very beautiful in many respects. It requires considerable repair; but the preservation of the ancient church is being carefully attended to by the zealous rector, Canon McLarney, so far as the means at his disposal admit. The restoration is being carried out by Mr. Fuller, one of the most skilful and experienced of Irish church architects, who is paying most careful regard to the original character of the edifice.

The foundation-stone of the Passmore Edwards Free Library in Cable Street, St. George's-in-the-East, London—one of the many similar institutions provided by that munificent public benefactor (he has given £5000 to this building)—was laid on Sept. 29 by the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie. The Rev. Prebendary Turner, Chairman of the Public Library Commissioners, presided.

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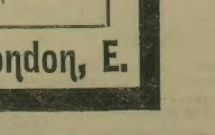
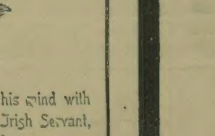
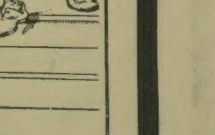
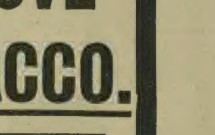
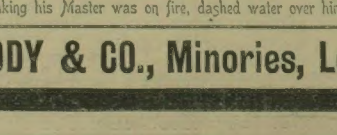
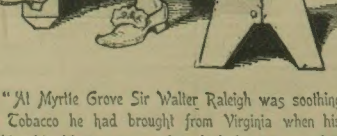
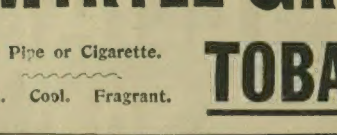
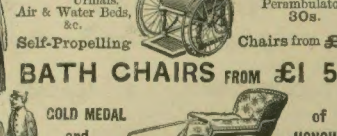
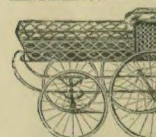
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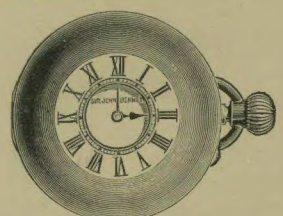
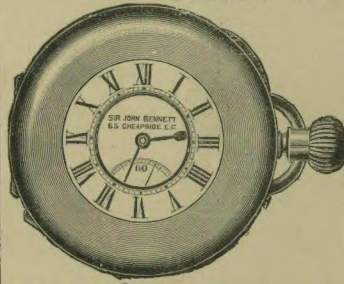
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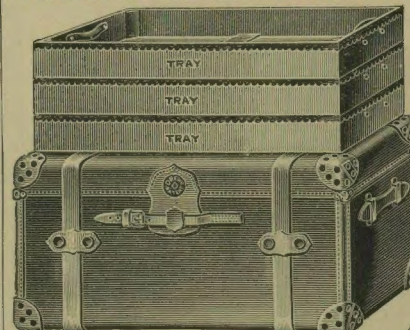
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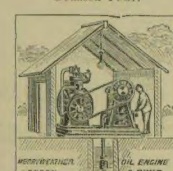
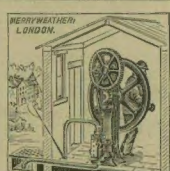
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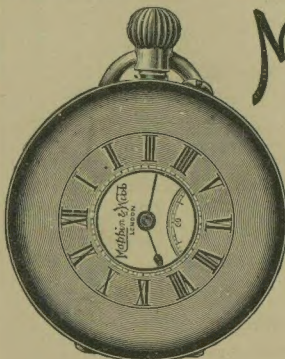
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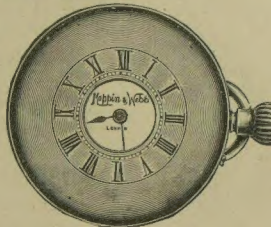
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The "Red Mass," so called from the colour of the Judges' robes, has long been a feature in the legal and ecclesiastical year in Paris. It takes place on the reopening of the Courts after the Long Vacation. The revival of ceremony, which is among the signs of the times, shows itself once more in the announcement that henceforth a religious service in Westminster Abbey will mark the beginning of our own legal year. The Judges will attend in State, and with them will be a great crowd of legal officials in their robes and wigs. Two or three years ago there was an attempt made to start a "Red Mass" in the old church of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; but the Judges who happen to be Roman Catholics—the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Mathew, and Mr.

Justice Day—did not look with approval on any public demonstration which brought into prominence the religious convictions of this or that member of the Judicial Bench.

On Oct. 1 the railway services between the North of Germany and the Hook of Holland will be improved. A new train will leave Osnabrück at 6.19 p.m., and arrive at the Hook at 11.7 p.m., in time for the boat to Harwich. The passengers will, therefore, be able to leave Hamburg at 2.47 p.m., and Bremen at 4.31 p.m., instead of 10.55 a.m. and 12.52 p.m. respectively, as hitherto. This train will also enable passengers from many important towns in Holland to leave for England much later than at present. For instance, from Haarlem at 9.8 p.m., Amsterdam at 9.33 p.m., and the Hague at 9.55 p.m., instead of Haarlem at 7.23 p.m., Amsterdam at 8.39 p.m., and the Hague at

9.36 p.m., thus considerably reducing the time for the through journey.

St. Michael's Mount, in the Bay of Penzance, is raised high above the level of earth, and is an appropriate place for a memorial service such as that held there in the chapel of the St. Aubyns last Sunday. Lord and Lady St. Levan lately lost their son, the Hon. Arthur St. Aubyn, in Jamaica, where he was an inspector of constabulary; and the commemorative service was attended by a large gathering of his relatives and friends. Access to St. Michael's Mount is mostly by boat, though at lowest tides it is scarce an island; and the castle itself at the top of the Mount can be reached only by an arduous climb. It is a place of legend and of mystery such as rarely lends itself to the plain and daily purposes of human habitation.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 181.—OCTOBER 1897.—9s. 6d.
DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY (Conclusion), by R. D. Blackmore.—FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS, by Professor Max Müller.—OUR NATIONAL COLLECTIONS OF MANUSCRIPTS: THE HARLEIAN LIBRARY, by J. M. Stone.—THE CALENDAR OF SCOTTISH CRIME, Part I., by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.—CHINESE GENOIDS.—FAVOURITES IN FRENCH FICTION.—THE FAILURE OF FLIPPERY, by Zola.—FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN THE BASIN OF THE NIGER.—NAVIS SACRA.—THE NATIVE PRESS IN INDIA.

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